

THE

SEPTEMBER 15
1954

TATTLER

TWO
SHILLINGS

& BYSTANDER



Autumn Fashion Number

from the **permanent collection** of cleverchange clothes that neverdate

AS WE CANNOT SHOW YOU HERE THE HEAVENLY QUALITY AND NEW DESIGNS OUR STUDIO IS CREATING DAILY, SEND FOR PATTERNS



WETHERALL



bond street sportsclothes

ROYAL DIPLOMA STUDIO CO-ORDINATING OUTFIT—FROCK in new luxury TIECIL about 10½ gns. HAT about 1½ gns. BLOUSE about 1½ gns. SCARF 10/6. New ADJUSTABLE RACE-STICK about 1½ gns. DERBY/GRAND NATIONAL SCARF about 4 gns. HORSE-HEAD CLIP 10/6.

THE WETHERALL HOUSE • BOND STREET • LONDON • W.1 • TEL REG 5318

LOOK FOR THIS ON THE BOTTOM
LEFT-HAND CORNER OF YOUR COAT

Wetherall
guarantee

a new model given if
dissatisfied for any
reason whatever even
after wear

ITEMS SO GIVEN CANNOT BE AGAIN EXCHANGED
VALID FOR SIX MONTHS FROM DATE OF
ORIGINAL BILL OF PURCHASE (guarantees apply
to british isles only)
GUARANTEES DO NOT APPLY TO MERCHANDISE
PURCHASED DURING THE WETHERALL SALE (held
twice yearly only)

"created for



reader"

see the wetherall^{*} thoroughbred

TRADE MARK
FOURway "topcoats

handtailored saddlestitched • for racin' huntin' shootin' and luxury travel

cleverchange • worn tie or buckle belted half or unbelted

the heavenly blend of luxury lambswool doeskin and pure cashmere

the finest fabric ever loomed • in softest **bridlebrown** colour

new **DOESKIN** +
CASHMERE " **30** gns
about

ST new fabrics
new fittings
new styles

see the new **EDITION** MODELS produced in the wetherall studio for world distribution. These models are not repeatable during the current period after first edition has been exhausted. At end of term should any model be considered suitable by the wetherall style committee it will be included in the famous wetherall PERMANENT COLLECTION of cleverchange clothes that neverdate. ^{*}WETHERALL the British creator of the FAMOUS PERMANENT COLLECTION (clothes that neverdate) the only permanent collection of cleverchange style masterpieces in the world royal patent designed 554368 628232.

Film-star but not filmy? Underwear with glamour in every centimetre, yet entirely opaque? Try nylon jersey, for instance, crepe and taffeta. Or perhaps you want to feel diaphanous? There's nylon lace (which won't go into holes) and nylon chiffon (which pleats prettily *and* permanently).

Nylon can change its looks but never its character: so if you want underwear that's easy-washing, fast drying, needs little ironing, its virtues clear and constant as the North Star, then look for nylon, because



nylon
has it all ways



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD.,
PONTYPOOL, MON.



MARCUS

Awarded the name "Oscar" . . . from the Marcus Autumn Collection. The partly concealed brooch adds a sparkle to this elegant all-day dress in finest worsted wool. At leading Fashion Houses throughout the country. Approx. 17½ guineas (including brooch)

W. & O. MARCUS LTD.

MARCOL HOUSE, 293, REGENT ST., W.1.
MEMBER OF THE LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP

It's not chinchilla



... it's genius!

The same misted silver as the precious pelt itself... the same powder-puff softness and lightness. A fur fabric coat of the most accomplished social grace, topped with a gorgeous collar, and slimly tapered to the ankles.

In its own right... the epitome of luxurious warmth and fashion.

About 20 guineas

Bickler
COUTURIER



Write for 'Pictures of autumn genius' to

J. & S. Bickley Ltd. Dept. D. 87/91 New Bond St. London W1

Date with Destiny

*Of all the girls there,
he only had eyes for her!*

... and no wonder, for in her Gor-Ray skirt she completely stole the party picture. But then that's what's so wonderful about Gor-Ray. Created by Britain's top designers, these skirts have an air of fashion flair that sets them quite apart. And oh, those blissful colours! A range that makes the peacock blush for shame ... in the most heavenly materials ... checks, plains and patterns as gay as the lights on the Place Pigalle!

There's a Gor-Ray skirt for every occasion, each one definitely ... indisputably ... right. No wonder they say 'a Gor-Ray is the centre-piece of every wise girl's wardrobe'.

Prices range from 35/- to 5 gns.

GOR-RAY *Skirts one better!*



Parisette



Sunray

Amanda

Epaulette

Koneray



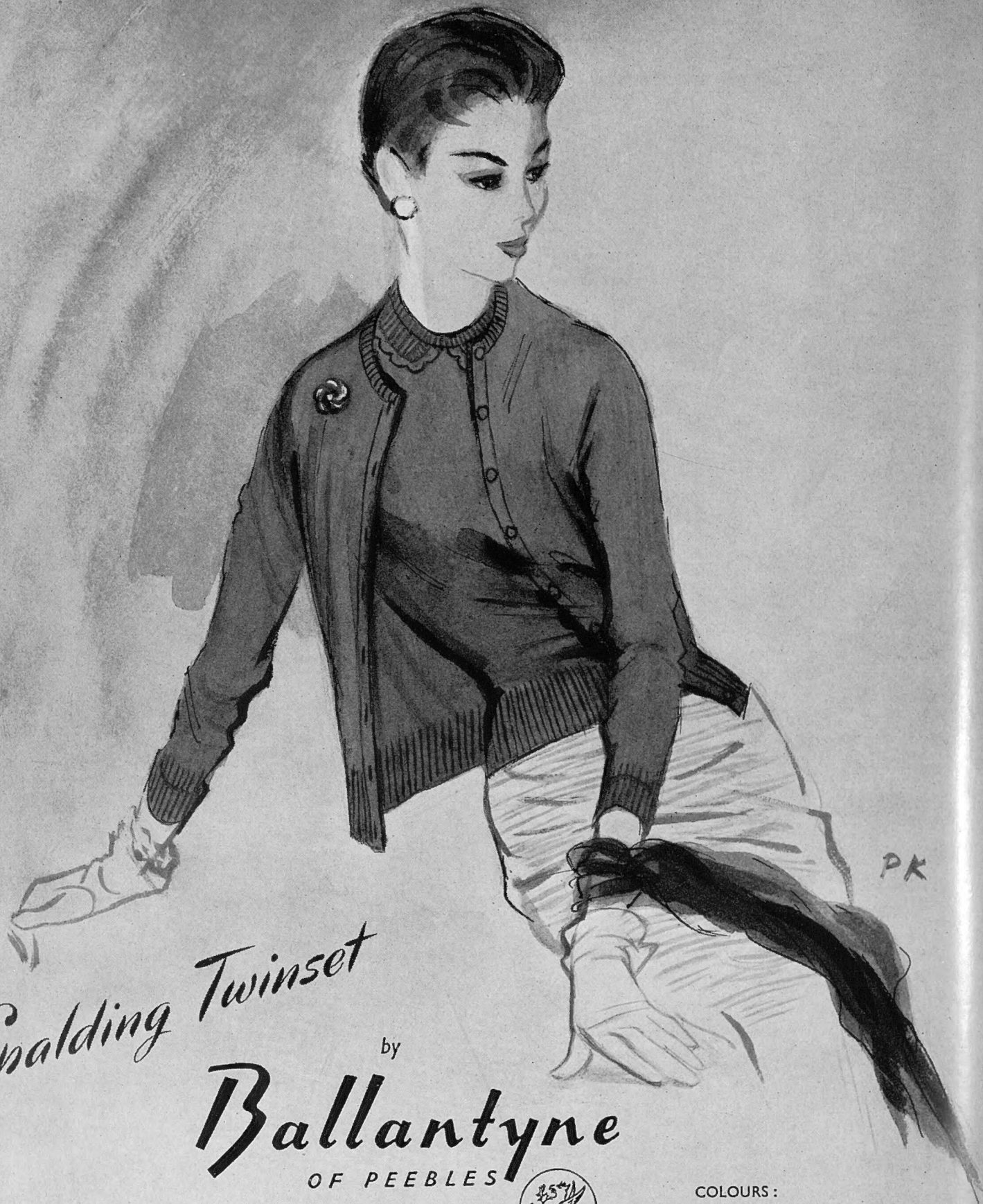
JERSEY TWEED with velvet outlining collar, cuffs and pockets. Various mixture colourings. Sizes 36, 38, 40. 19 gns.

Jersey Salon — First Floor

Woodlands

Sloane 4545

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.



Spalding Twinset
by
Ballantyne
OF PEEBLES



A twinset in fine lambswool by the leading style House in Scottish knitwear. The sweater has a fancy collar fastening at the back with four buttons.

COLOURS:

baby-blue, mustard, flamingo, cornflower, platinum, grey, duck egg, blossom.

SIZES:

34"; 36"; 38"; 40"; 42"

PRICE:

£8.9.6 the set

Mail orders are welcome

Coplands

COPLAND & LYE LTD Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, C.2

maxwelle

the reward of exclusiveness is perfection

originals



each skirt separately cut * hand finished * individually styled in fine cloths * backs lined to prevent seating

These hand-made skirts are obtainable at the finest shops and stores throughout the country

ENQUIRIES TO MAXWELLE ORIGINALS, 7-11 CAVENDISH PLACE, LONDON, W.1

By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof



Clothing to the late King George VI



SEPT. 3, 1824. From the *Journal of Sir Nigel Neverdry*.

Rose early, fine day, dined at Lord Fop's, my new coat with silver buttons much admired. Went to Park to parade it; sudden wind and rain caused general confusion, wished I had my Burberry*; remembered not invented yet, dev'lish annoying.

Imagine how difficult life must have been without benefit of Burberry! What, for example, would the Nobility and Gentry do without it? How could explorers explore or sportsmen disport without it? Where would the heroes of all the best novels be without it?

It's Always Burberry Weather!

Burberry's Cotton Gabardines are priced at £6.18.0 and about £10.17.0, £11.6.0 and £11.11.0. Fine quality Showerproofs in Wool and Union Burella Gabardine are at about £14.10.0, £15.15.0 and £16.16.0.

Appointed agents in all the principal towns in Great Britain. Send for complete catalogue with details of goods on approval and cleaning, reproofing and retinting service.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Telephone: WHIttehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.



Peter Clark

Man-tailored Suits at

Made by our own tailors of fine tweed suiting, the waisted jacket, worn over a pencil slim skirt, has a velvet collar and rounded hip pockets.

Made to order. 38 gns.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



*And she
of course
will be wearing...*



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

Winners

Coats that excel at the races, travel with ease, coats that comfort and cosset you, have the kind of positive good looks that can't date.

Right: Light, luxurious 100% camel's hair coat in winter-white, belted with tan hide and magnificently collared, cuffed and pocketed. Stock sizes **47 gns**

Below: Handsome, fur-trimmed Scottish tweed coat (a big fashion combination for town too); neutral and heather mixture with otter. Also obtainable in black and white with seal. Stock sizes **59½ gns**

COATS: FIRST FLOOR

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD OF
KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BOURNEMOUTH

**HARVEY
NICHOLS**



Madame-



you will soon



dress

in 'Terylene'



Now for the 'Terylene' way of life...

by LADY ASHTON

*Professor, School of Fashion Design,
Royal College of Art.*

MOST OF US have found the maxim "il faut souffrir pour être belle" only too boringly true. One of the many reasons we have to rejoice at the invention of 'Terylene' (a British invention, incidentally) is that it contradicts the maxim. This man-made fibre will enable us to be more beautifully dressed, more beautifully groomed, with less effort than ever before.

What can you expect from 'Terylene' fabrics? Just about this: glamour, strength, resilience, warmth of "handle", grace of "drape", washability, rapid drying, remarkable wear, and wide and beautiful variety.

'TERYLENE' THE VERSATILE

Now let's take that point, variety; 'Terylene' comes in two forms: a "woolly" form (staple fibre) and a "silky" form (filament yarn). It blends excellently with other fibres, such as wool, exercising a lot of control in preventing shrinking, stretching and crushing.

What with staple fibre, filament yarn, and the various blends, 'Terylene' can make almost any type of fabric you, your family and your home are ever likely to need. Your flouncy, 60-yards-in-the-skirt, tea-balled dress is as likely to be of 'Terylene' as your severely tailored ski-suit. Your curtains, corsets, suits can all, all be of 'Terylene'. You can see what I mean by the 'Terylene' way of life.

MORE 'TERYLENE' TO COME

If I do not dwell further on the delight and drama of this new fibre, it is because, at this moment, there are so very few 'Terylene' fabrics and ready-made clothes in the shops; and not much variety at that.

This situation is improving all the time, and it shouldn't be very much longer before the 'Terylene' way of life is a glorious reality for many more of us.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED,
TEI7 LONDON, S.W.1.

Snuggle into our
windswept **jacket**
(left) 12 gns



or (right) our
off-shore **reefer**
this Autumn 9½ gns

JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER OR JAEGER HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Who is she?

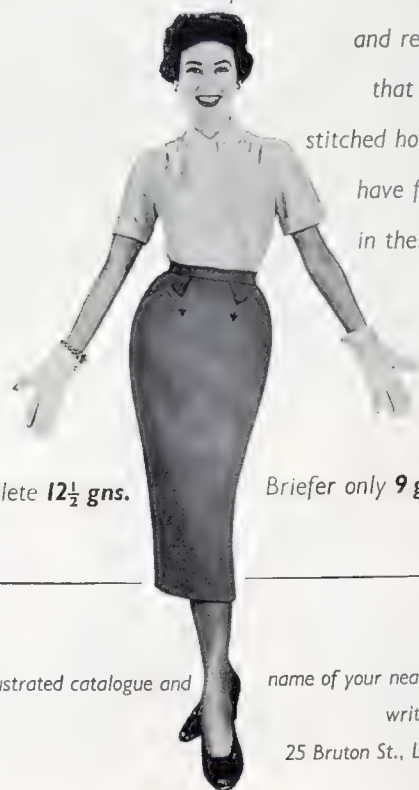
We've called this outfit SAFARI, a briefier and skirt in coatweight wool and camel.

The briefier . . . bold and chunky with a journey to the jungle in the leopard fabric collar and cuffs: always happy to meet a contrasting skirt and wonderfully snug over slim Autumn trews.



This is the skirt

pleased to be rid of the briefier and ready to prove that those saddle stitched holster pockets have fashion value in their own right



Safari complete 12½ gns.

Briefer only 9 gns.

For illustrated catalogue and

name of your nearest stockist
write to Dept. 7
25 Bruton St., London, W.1



Choose the loveliest

For every occasion. Glamorous **Bear Brand** Nylons are

available in Ultra Sheer 12 denier, 15 denier and 30 denier

weights from 8/11 to 12/11 per pair.



HOWARD FORD & CO LTD LIVERPOOL & LONDON

WALPAMUR quality paints...



WALPAMUR quality paints ensure perfection of finish. The Walpamur range includes Duradio Enamel Paint for a durable high gloss finish, Muromatte Flat Oil Paint for a smooth, washable matt effect and Walpamur Water Paint — the standard flat finish by which others are judged. The full range includes paints, enamels and varnishes to meet every need.

● Shade cards and literature free on request to Publications Department,
The Walpamur Co. Ltd., Darwen, Lancs.



BY APPOINTMENT
PAINT AND WATER PAINT MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

THE WALPAMUR CO LTD . DARWEN & LONDON



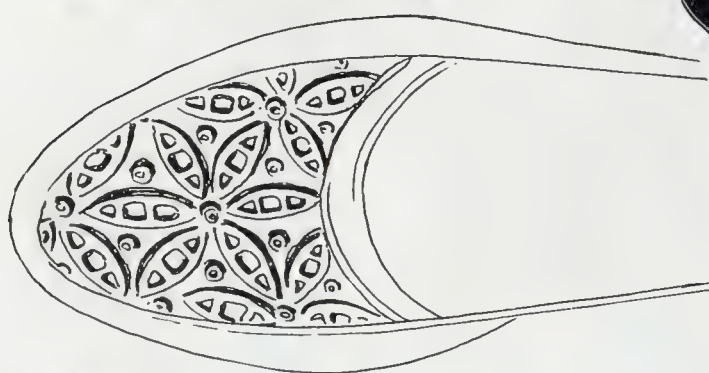
Grace...Space...Pace.... **JAGUAR**

The finest car of its class in the world

Deep



Pepita
75/-



Lovelace
79/9

Textures



Tuscany
79/9

Skyline

by Clarks

Subtle overlays, the half-hidden glint of jet, gunmetal or silver gleaming through soft depths of lace and suede. Texture laid on contrasting texture, fit to a hair's-depth.

FASHION FIT IN SKYLINE

means fit like a second self. Your length-size of Skyline is made in several widths.

Clarks Fashion Footgauge chooses your fit by measuring your foot for length, width and girth.

the fashion shoes in the 4-choice widths

Nearest Shop ? write CLARKS, Dept. M.I., Street, Somerset — and ask for a style leaflet.



KAYSER BONDOR

Nylons

FULL FASHIONED

Proportioned lengths in 51, 60 and 66 gauge

SHERRY BEFORE DINNER.....



**THE HOUSE OF SEPPETT
AUSTRALIA**



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their cigarettes are available on every route served by the following famous airways; proud too, that in many instances these cigarettes are the most widely favoured of any.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
 BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
 SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
 QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • AIR CEYLON
 EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES • AER LINGUS
 AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
 CYPRUS AIRWAYS • MALAYAN AIRWAYS
 BRITISH COMMONWEALTH PACIFIC AIRLINES
 PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS • AIR FRANCE
 TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES • SABENA
 BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS
 TRANSPORTES AEREOS PORTUGUESES
 CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS

In your journeying by air, you may observe how certainly the great comfort and luxury provided by the world's most famous airways is aptly accompanied by **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes—so very carefully made from the finest of fine tobaccos.



When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD
 BY APPOINTMENT
 TOBACCONISTS TO
 THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W

TBWL:SLZ



The line of Elegance for the larger Figure

Meticulously detailed Moss Crepe—finely tucked panels and pinhead bead embroidery on a gently moulded top. The straight skirt has controlled fullness; fan pleating in front and a box pleat at the back. A Restaurant Suit in the Couture manner available in softly muted colours with beading to tone, also black. In all sizes 42 to 60 hips; also special sizes to order.

Available at leading stores and exclusive Madam shops—or write to us for the name of your nearest stockists.

ALEXANDER GORDON LTD.
14 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1
MUSEUM 1352.

*If you
care for
the better
things in life...*



... the tang of
the early morning ... the
caress of the sun ... the points of a horse ... the thrill
of the chase ... the crowning achievement of a win ...
the contentment of relaxation at the end of a satisfying day ...
you will choose Pesco Underwear, fashioned for your delight
in pure wool and silk-and-wool in dainty styles.
We will gladly send the name
and address of your nearest stockist.

... you'll care for

PESCO
UNDERWEAR

PETER SCOTT & CO LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

shoes that

'belong'...



'FAUBOURG' 59/9

Brevitt are quite precise about

fashion 'co-ordination'. These four

towny shoes truly 'belong' to the

sophisticated occasion, when the

elegant ensemble is expressed

so modernly, as you see here.



'ETOILE' 59/9



'IMPRESARIO' 79/9



'FRANCESCA' 79/9



COAT BY
R. W. E. PAYNE

that *Brevitt* look

is the trend

For name of nearest stockist, write Brevitt Dept. O.1.
2-5, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Your stockist will
tell you about Brevitt Reconditioning Service—it
restores well-worn shoes to perfect condition again.

Youthlines 'Giselle'

made from American Power-Net



W. B. LIMITED (Wholesale only) MADDUX HOUSE · REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.



arrive in style

"ESTELLE"—a fashion weathercoat delightfully styled to hang in trim graceful lines. An intriguing new collar style and adjustable fly away cuffs. Available in Mulberry, Old Gold, Holly Green, Slate Grey, Peacock Green, Denim Blue, and Black. About 8 gns. Including hat.



arrive in *Valstar*

Stocked by most of the better shops and stores. If in difficulty write to VALSTAR LTD, SALFORD 6, LANCASHIRE, or 314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



A NEW *Yearly* Service IN PERMANENT WAVING

Exclusively Antoine — the special service which maintains your permanent wave — at its best — throughout the year. You pay once only . . . for a softer, lighter permanent wave that you may renew as often as you feel necessary — without recurring charge. We will gladly send you details on request.

APPOINTMENTS HYDE PARK 2186

Antoine

38 DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1. • PARIS • NEW YORK



COUNTRY TOWN TOFF—

Sofly feminine—tailored in lightweight Scottish tweed in muted tones.

Olive green checked with copper beach. Brown checked with green. Brown checked with royal blue. Green checked with violet and grey. 6½ gns.

fredrica

by
henri



"Silhouette" in fine worsted crepe with crystal pleated tiers in front skirt. In black, ink blue, and all the new autumn shades.

at leading fashion houses

HENRI GOWNS LTD., 15 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQ., W.1



An ideal black coat with slim lines for the new season in a firm light wool material, charmingly trimmed with a black velvet yoke and cuffs and a soft stand up collar. Price 20½ gns.

Model Gown Salon—First Floor

GIVAN'S IRISH LINEN STORES LTD.
111-114 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1.
• • • TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "MOUCHOIR" LONDON • TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 5522 • • •

By
SIMMONE



Evening gown in black poulx, rhinestone embroidery. Coral organza stole.

For nearest stockist apply

SIMMONE, 18 CURZON STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE BEST THAT PARIS
HAS TO OFFER

LANVIN
PARFUMS

HAVE PLEASURE IN
PRESENTING THEIR
NEW TOILET WATER
PERFUMED

ARPEGE
PRETEXTE
MY SIN
SCANDAL
RUMEUR




MADE, PACKED AND SEALED
IN FRANCE



HAIR LUSTRE
BY *Raymond*

A gleaming emphasis
in GOLD, SILVER or COPPER.
It paints on—it washes out.
10/6 at Chemists and Stores.

WARNING Only a
woman with acute fashion-sense
can wear Raymond's Hair Lustre
successfully.

so delightful to feel—
so beautiful—

Supalene
LINGERIE SUPERBLY TAILORED IN
TERYLENE
YARN

Just try on one Supalene slip, vest,
nightdress or pantie . . . There!
Doesn't it feel deliciously soft and
doesn't it look beautiful. See the
rich, deep, fluttery permanent
pleating at the hems! Such a pretty
finished edge too! Supalene Terylene
quickly washes and dries and wears
for ages. The best stores always
stock Supalene lingerie.

SUPACUT GARMENTS LIMITED
Rutland Chambers, Ilkeston, Derbyshire

Superbly Suited

by

Derrys
KENSINGTON

An ensemble of distinction in Scotch Tweed—most beautiful colourings of Wines; Green, Heather, and Blue—(Patterns on request). The skirt has deep pleats to ensure freedom of movement—both coats lined and man tailored. Sizes 38, 40, 42, and 44. Suit only 15 gns. Complete ensemble 29½ gns. (Second Floor)

DERRY & TOMS, W.8

• QUALITY & SERVICE

• WESTERN 8181

ADAM and the modern EVE

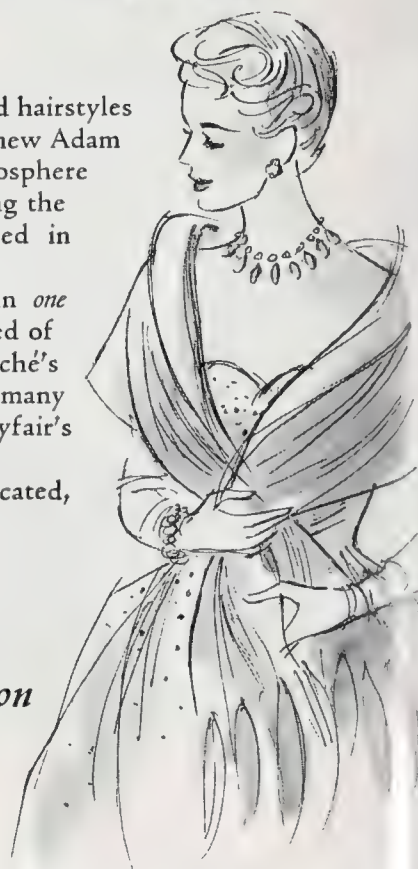
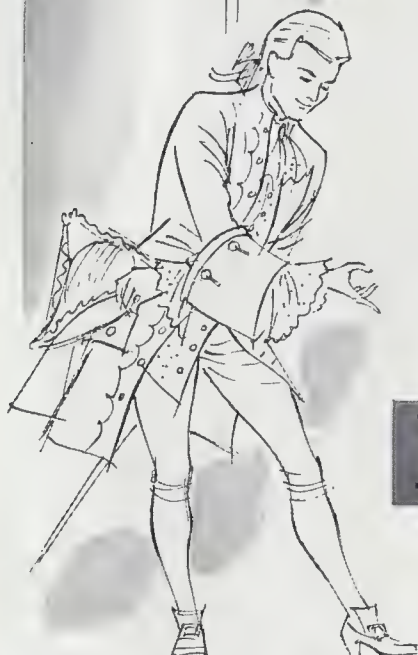
The increasing demand for Riché's individually created hairstyles has necessitated the addition to the existing Salons of the new Adam Room. Here the modern Eve can relax in the elegant atmosphere of the Adam décor, here Riché's superb artistry in creating the hairstyle expressing "your personality" can be enjoyed in comfort by his ever-increasing clientele.

Riché believes in having all his services available in *one* establishment so that each individual client can be assured of his personal supervision—so important a part of Riché's service. Now, with the addition of the Adam Room, as many as sixty clients at one time can enjoy the artistry of Mayfair's greatest hairstylist.

Riché sets the fashion in practical hairstyles—sophisticated, soignée and still within your budget.

Riché *for hair perfection*

14 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, London, W.1
Phone: Hyde Park 3368 (3 lines)



Swan & Edgar

"Bermuda"
by "Golden Crest"

Elegantly tailored Classic Suit
In 100% superfine Worsted.
In velvet-trimmed Grey or
Beige. Stock sizes.

16 gns.

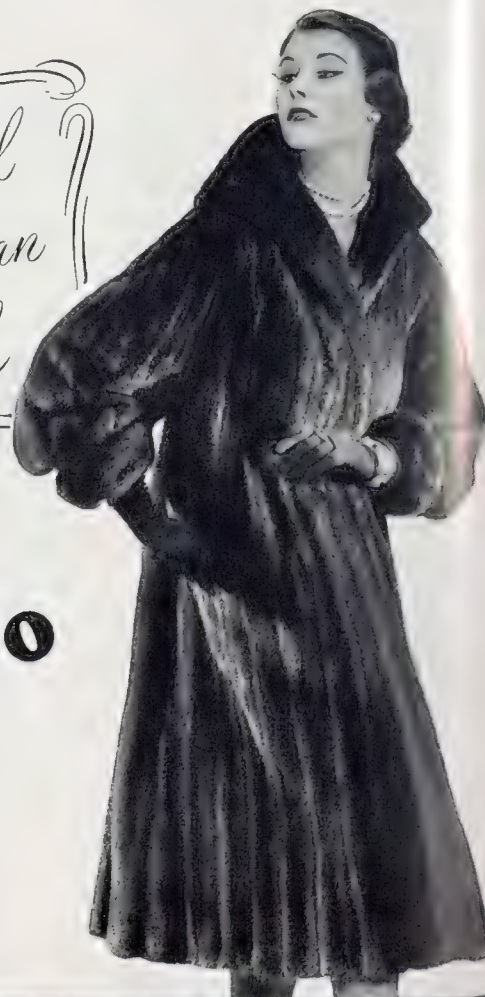
First Floor.

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 1616

Natural
Canadian
Mink
by

molho



35 Brook St. W.1. Retail Salon

Feather-soft, peacock-proud Pringles



Women's Knitwear—fifth floor

The latest Pringles have talented touches of up-to-the-minute inspiration.

Calais: high-hugging Elizabethan collar and cuffed three-quarter sleeves, both diced with rows of white. Pure Geelong lambswool in walnut, black, Chinese rose, Piccadilly grey, bluebird, all with white dicing. Sizes 34-40. £4.9.6

Carlton: beguilingly simple golfer with miniature collar adorned with the merest whisper of open stitching. Pure Geelong lambswool, in light blue, black, Chinese rose, hunting yellow, marguerite green, Piccadilly grey. Sizes 34-42. £4.9.6

Please state second choice of colour when ordering by post



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London, W.1 Regent 2002



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST PERFUMES YOU WILL EVER KNOW. 13/11 to 39/3

and "Bond Street" Cologne echoes its fragrance through the day. 9/4 and 13/11

SEPT. 15

1954

Volume CCXIII. No. 2775. Postage: Inland 3d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 4½d. TWO SHILLINGS
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom



Clayton Evans

CHILDREN OF THE MANOR

VICTOR, aged twelve, and his six-year-old sister Celia are the children of Sir James Heron Walker, Bt., and Lady Walker, of Ringdale Manor, Faringdon, Berks. Lady Walker was formerly Miss Angela Beaufort. This photograph was taken in the hall of their beautiful home, one of the most distinguished of Berkshire's great houses



Six-year-old Peter Mackintosh was pointing out a fascinating pony to his mother, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, the horsewoman

GREATEST DAY FOR THE PONIES

A RECORD entry of 540 marked the one-day Ponies of Britain Show at Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury. The judging of the forty-four classes was exacting, the championship finally going to a Welsh mountain pony which won nine prizes. Jennifer describes this full and interesting day on pages 475-6



With the stoicism of his race (and a private resolve to go frolicking through a briar hedge at the first opportunity) the three-month-old Shetland, Bunny, was enduring a final grooming from his owner, Miss Diana Grasby



A shy entry, Mars Bar, was being persuaded by eight-year-old Mary Rose Peddie to go in the direction of the judging ring



Mrs. and Major W. Maude and Mrs. J. D. Summers were having a word with their children, Carole Summers and Clarissa Maude, whose exceedingly neat Dartmoor pony, Lady Astor, had won a first prize



Junior judges Julia Murless and Ann Robinson were giving serious consideration to a likely entry



Touring the Show with its chairman, Miss Gladys Yule, was Capt. Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager



Two more who took part in the young judges' competition were sisters Gillian and Rosemary Cuff, from Wales



Second prizewinner Bonny being led from the ring by Mrs. B. M. Loveluck and Miss Patricia Loveluck



Miss Tania Heald, Mrs. S. Heald, Mrs. A. Stanley-Davies and Miss Algie Stanley-Davies, with terrier Shanty



Checking results after judging part-bred Arabs were Miss J. Kent, Mr. L. F. Hill and Capt. M. Smallwood

At The Races

WADING TO THE POST

• Sabretache •

IF the fluid state of affairs from which we have suffered had postponed its arrival until the steeplechasing and Rugger seasons had had time to get into their stride, few people would have had a word to say against it, but to be condemned to lead a submarine existence before the oysters is a bit too much for the digestion of even the most complacent.

Steeplechase jockeys and hunting people distinctly dislike falling on ground with too much bone in it, for even ordinary going usually has a hard core, which gives you a quite sufficient jolt, and it can even land you with that fragile collarbone or perhaps with something that is really painful. Personally, my experience is that the average fall is not soft! And, of course, this reminds me of a rather priceless remark made by a charming old trainer, who had some jumpers belonging to a bold and beautiful lady we used to call "Lady Pelphoebe Thompson."

There was one peculiarly rocky jumper with the harmless name of Thelma, as I recall, which she had most kindly said I might ride in a hurdle race. What the trainer said was: "As you haven't a cat's chance, what you had ought to do is to get a nice soft fall round the back somewhere, and then her Ladyship won't be disappointed!" Luckily it was not necessary, because all the others were even worse than Thelma, and she staggered past the post about six lengths in front.

As to the owners of flat race horses their remarks are hardly printable about what we have had to go through, especially those directed towards the leading weather tipster, who has assured us that what we have had and may yet get is "not as bad as all that." The only person who seemed to think that we could trust recent form was By Thunder's! owner, the undefeatable Mr. J. S. Gerber, but then he manufactures steel, and his confidence must have been made of that substance. Many people however continued to share the bookmakers' dilemma and personally I think that if I had been one of those fortunate people who bet in thousands, I should have cut my wagers by 999.

THE handicapper, and incidentally we others, are going to have a difficult time both over the Autumn Double and the Free Handicap, and though some people have already been giving him a lead with their own ideas, I am sure that Mr. Freer will, as usual, ride his own line and do it very well. It looks as if we have got to make up our minds that our two-year-olds are not off the top shelf, and we may have to face a series of French victories next year, though, of course, everybody hopes not.

Very often these short distance races are very deceptive and prove no guide whatever to the sterner tasks which are to come. For instance, we so often find that animals which have won at even six or seven furlongs in their two-year days are boosted much above their true merit and it so often turns out that the safest race to ride is a waiting one.

No one will have very much difficulty in recalling things that have been made the winter favourite for the Derby not being able to win anything else but sprint races, and again I say it is always more prudent to wait for further assurance even after the Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes. The late Mr. George Lambton never believed that anybody could really train a horse to win both the Guineas and the Derby, and I think he was right.



EARLY AUTUMN IN THE GLEN

THE charms of autumn in the mountains and glens have brought many visitors to Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, where the mildness of the season has enabled them to enjoy golf, country walks and similar recreations to the full



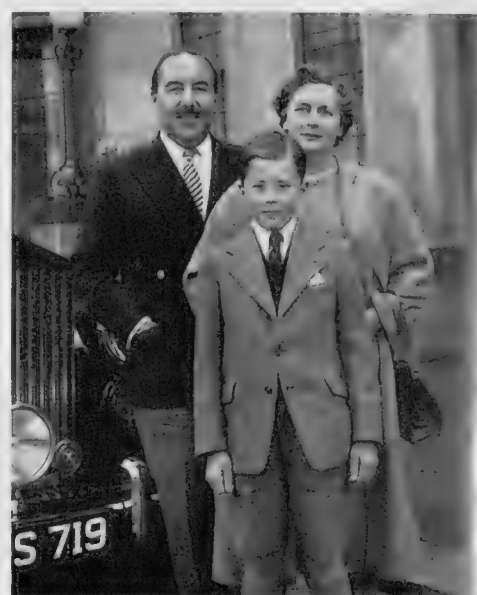
Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., M.P., the shipowner, had come up from his home at Bedale, Yorkshire, with Lady Ropner and their son, Mr. John Ropner



The southern visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Tim Barclay, who came from King's Lynn, Norfolk



Going out for a lengthy ramble were Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, from Rushden Manor, Northants



Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wilson, from Toor Hall, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, with their son Gilmour



Viscount and Viscountess St. Vincent, who live at Roundhill Grange, Wincanton, Somerset



Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, whose son Mr. Adrian Bailey married Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton in July



Mr. Summy Bourne evidently had a piece of good news to tell his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bourne

Swaebe



SIR ANSELM GUISE, Bt., and Lady Guise are here seen by the main entrance of the south front of their home, Elmore Court, near Gloucester, where the family has lived since the middle of the sixteenth century. Sir Anselm is a former High Sheriff of Gloucestershire

Morris

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Outdoor Season Over The Border

SCOTLAND.—The summer holidays are now drawing to a close and many people are returning to London for the "little season." With the exception of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and her daughter Princess Alexandra, who have been making an official visit to Canada, and are now visiting friends in the U.S. before sailing for home, most members of the Royal Family have been spending their summer holiday quietly in Scotland.

H.M. the Queen, Prince Charles and Princess Anne have been up at Balmoral, their Deeside home, since the second week in August. They were joined here later in the month by the Duke of Edinburgh on his return from Canada, and have

had a succession of friends staying with them for short private visits.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret spent the first couple of weeks at Balmoral with the Queen and her children. They then moved to Birkhall where they have also had a succession of friends staying with them, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury. The Queen Mother has rented a nearby moor from Capt. Alwyn Farquharson, the Laird of Invercauld, so that she and Princess Margaret can invite their own guests to go shooting, and has also been up for short visits to Caithness to see how her new home, the Castle of Mey, is progressing and to supervise the final décor. She stayed with Lt.-Cdr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner at the House of

the Northern Gate. The Queen Mother also fulfilled two official engagements in Glasgow recently when she opened the Scottish Industries Fair, in the Kelvin Hall, and later that day unveiled a memorial in Glasgow Cathedral to officers and men of the Scottish, Highland and Lowland divisions who gave their lives in the two world wars.

With their sons Prince Richard and Prince William, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have been up at Farr House, their home in Inverness-shire, where the Duke has spent some of his time grouse shooting over his moors and with his friends in the neighbourhood, and the Duchess has been fishing, painting and sketching. Young Prince Michael of Kent, I heard, was spending part of his holidays here with his cousins while his mother was in Canada, and part of the time with his younger cousins at Balmoral. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone have also been staying up in Scotland this summer.

As was originally feared in most parts of the North, grouse shooting has been very poor this season. On some moors they have had no drives at all and have stopped shooting early to preserve stock for breeding. The Duke of Edinburgh has been more fortunate than most hosts as the Royal party has had some very good days on their moors and the two which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have rented from Capt. Alwyn Farquharson. They did not start shooting here until quite late last month.

The Earl of Leven and Melville is another who has been fortunate with his shooting this year. He and his friends have had some good days over his moors at Nairn. It has been very patchy, as in parts of Angus early bags were quite good, and on one moor near Kirriemuir they had a record bag on the opening day.

Among those who have been up North shooting since the Twelfth, in many cases only walking over their moors, are the Marquess of Tweeddale, the Earl of Rosebery, farther north in Perthshire, Major Duncan Miller over Remony, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. Freddie Peshall and a party over Glenquich.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter also had a family party and Sir Nigel Mordaunt with them on Garrows. Mr. Tom Burrell has been shooting, also Mr. Norman Salveson over Kinloch, and on Cluniemore Major David Butter.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is now in Canada visiting some of his property there with the Duchess of Sutherland, had friends to shoot with him last month at Dunrobin, but birds were scarce. Lord Bearsted and his brothers, the Hon. Anthony Samuel and the Hon. Peter Samuel, were not "driving" at all this year at Phones where they usually get very big bags, and did not find many birds while walking the moors.

So short of birds were Major and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer at Cabrach that they cancelled their last two shooting parties and finished the season early to preserve what young grouse were left, and I heard that Major Graeme Whitelaw had also had to stop shooting early over his moors at Knockando. In Aberdeenshire Lord Glentanar has been among those who have had family and friends shooting with him on the moors near Glentanar, also Sir Ian Walker has been out at Glenmuick, Viscount Cowdray at Dunecht, Sir John Forbes at Allaigne, Sir Charles Barclay Harvey at Dinnet and Lt.-Col. John Nicol at Ballogie.

HAPPILY, sport on Scottish rivers has been good this year and most fishermen have had a splendid season and some who would be shooting are now spending more time on the river.

I went over to Crathes which now belongs to the National Trust and is open to the public three times a week, and spent a very happy time going round the castle and the beautiful gardens which, unlike most Scottish gardens, are right beside the castle.

The late Maj.-Gen. Sir James Burnett of Leys was a great horticulturist, as is Lady Burnett, who still does a lot of work and takes the keenest interest in the garden as well as the castle. There are many rare trees, shrubs and plants from all parts of the world thriving in these magnificently laid out grounds where the tall yew hedges are many hundreds of years old.

Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir and their family have been spending the summer holiday at Balmeddie House, their new home near Bridge of Don where they moved from Braemar Castle. But for Lady Tweedsmuir it has not by any

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. and Mrs. Lennard Burtin were admiring a small statue of Apollo. Hosts at the reception were the Keeper and his wife, Prof. and Mrs. Parker, and the Keeper of Antiquities and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Harden



A group at the reception consisting of Mr. C. B. Cox, Miss K. Burnand, Mrs. J. Ashworth, Prof. Balfour-Browne and Mr. A. Gillespie

THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM in Oxford was the scene of a delightful reception given to members of the British Association, who met in the city for the sixth time since the Association was founded

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Barn Dancers Sat Out On Hay Bales

means been a complete holiday, as she has been spending some of her time each week among her constituents in South Aberdeen, whom she has represented so efficiently in the House of Commons since 1946.

Mr. Henry Spence, who was M.P. for Central Aberdeenshire from 1945-50, and has been M.P. for West Aberdeenshire since then, has been spending the recess caravanning in Scotland with his wife and son, which has meant he has been able to combine some of his political work with a holiday.

MANY of the friends I met during my stay told me how much they had enjoyed a most original "Barn Dance" for which invitations had been sent out by the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly and their children, the ten-year-old Earl of Aboyne and twelve-year-old Lady Lemina Gordon. This took place in the giant barn, exceptionally high and built many years ago on the Home Farm of Aboyne Castle, which is used in the winter for housing cattle. It is fondly known by the locals as the "Coo Court." The walls had recently had their annual whitewash for the cattle, so they were glistening white, and a floor had been laid over the full extent of the barn and extra lighting fixed up. Otherwise it remained as it was, with prize cards won by the various cattle, dating back many years, pinned up on the walls.

Instead of elaborate floral decorations the cattle troughs were filled with sheaves of oats and corn with scarlet poppies, while toy ducks floated in a few of the water troughs much to the amusement of the younger guests. Deckchairs were arranged around the dance floor, and bales of hay and straw were also used for sitting out in the cow stalls.

The Marchioness of Huntly, who had so cleverly planned the whole party in every detail, wore a white blouse with an off-white skirt appliquéd in brown in a scroll design. Her daughter, Lady Lemina Gordon, looked enchanting in a red blouse with a black and white check skirt, while her brother the Earl of Aboyne, like his father, wore a bright shirt and knotted handkerchief with his kilt. Both children were splendid little hosts and looked after their young friends well.

IN the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly's house party were Lady Huntly's youngest brother, the Hon. Anthony Berry with his fiancée the Hon. Mary Roche, and her nieces, Miss Mary-Anne Berry with her younger sister Miss Jane Berry, who is coming out next season. The latter is a very lucky girl as she is going off in the middle of this month for a ten weeks' world tour with her parents, the Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry.

Lord Huntly's brothers were both there, Lord Adam Gordon, who is Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Mother, and Lady Adam

Gordon, who are staying at Inchmarlo with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bowhill, and Lord Douglas Gordon and his wife.

Lord Glentanar brought a big party, including his son-in-law and daughter the Hon. James and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, the latter looking very pretty in a Norwegian national dress. Lord Bruce, Lady Lena Agar, Lord and Lady Polworth, and the Hon. Fiona Campbell were also in his party.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford and his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Robin and Lady Rosemary Muir, came with Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor from Tillypronie. Lady Rosemary wore one of the most striking circular skirts in a lovely green, edged with heavy lace, and a belt embroidered in brilliant coloured stones. Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell of Altries brought a party all in gay clothes, including their son-in-law and elder daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Gray, who were up from their home at Ampleforth, and Major and Mrs. Mark Fleming who were spending their leave visiting friends in Scotland.

Major and Mrs. Richard Smiley came over from Castle Fraser and brought their two children James and Miranda, Mr. and Mrs. Haig Spence brought their two children and Mrs. Cecil Boyd Rochfort, who was staying with her mother at Crathes Castle, was accompanied by her five sons who added to the gaiety of the scene in their coloured shirts and jeans.

MR. BRUCE URQUHART and his pretty fair-haired wife motored seventy-two miles from Craigston Castle and brought their children, while Mrs. Douglas Baird of Durris and her two sons, Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, who wore a black top with a many-coloured circular skirt, and Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Gill and their enchanting twin daughters, aged eight, were there enjoying every moment of the evening. The latter are to be bridesmaids to their cousin, the Hon. Mary Roche, when she marries the Hon. Anthony Berry this autumn.

Others who enjoyed this cheery and informal evening were the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Beaumont and her stepbrother Mr. Nicholas Reynolds, who is just going up to Oxford, Col. and Mrs. John Nicol, and Countess Raben, who has taken Corse House for the summer and brought her small son and daughter. Lt.-Col. Niall and Lady Jean Rankin and her brother, Viscount Dalrymple, all enjoyed the reels and Scottish country dances, as did many others including Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven and their children—the eldest, the Hon. Diana Baird, is a débutante next year—Cdr. and Mrs. Fellows-Gordon, Major Andrew Haig, the Queen's factor and his wife, and Miss Joan Hoyer-Miller.

The special "young folks bar," where soft drinks and ices were served, proved a tremendous success.

With her usual generosity and kindness, Lady Huntly had lent the barn just as it was, with the



Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Walters were also among the guests at this very well-organized reception



Mrs. Kay and her husband, Prof. H. D. Kay, the biochemist, were chatting with Lady Dale



Mrs. Hill and Professor A. V. Hill, C.H., the physiologist, were going upstairs to the buffet

informal decorations for her own much smaller party, for another dance the previous night, when the West Aberdeenshire Unionist Association held a dance which was attended by over six hundred constituents and their friends, including Mr. Spence the M.P. and his wife and the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly and members of their house party. Many friends in this part of Scotland were looking forward to the Donside and Deeside festivities the following week which include the Aboyne Games and Gathering, the Donside Ball for which Viscount Cowdray kindly lends his house Dunecht, the Braemar Games and Gathering which the Queen and other members of the Royal Family usually attend, and the Aboyne Ball which is held in the Aboyne Hall.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down for a short while to the second Ponies of Britain Club show which was held this year in the grounds of Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury. This was by kind invitation of the Bucks County Agricultural Show Committee who were holding their annual show in another part of the park at the same time. This was a truly wonderful show of 545 ponies of many different breeds, including Connemara, Dartmoor, Fell, New Forest, Welsh, Dales, Exmoor and Shetland.

The aims of the Ponies of Britain Club are to further the interests of all ponies and to support societies for their protection. That great veteran

horse lover, Lord Bicester, is its Patron and Lord Kenyon the President. Unfortunately the latter was unable to come south to the show as it clashed with his own county show.

Miss Gladys Yule, who owns the famous Hanstead stud of thoroughbreds and Arabs, is the very go-ahead chairman of the club and has given it great support. I met her at the show talking to Capt. Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager, who was taking a great interest in some of the championships being judged. Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, who has had such an outstandingly successful season with her hack Blithe Spirit, was another spectator with her young son Peter and her mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Mr. Oliver Gilbey was on his way to one of the rings where he was judging with Mrs. Philp. Other judges included Mrs. Kent, Mr. F. Unwin, Mr. R. S. Summerhays and little Miss Jennifer Skelton, who as a junior judge rode the small ponies in some of the riding classes. Chocolate Box, on which Jennifer has won innumerable championships, produced the champion foal at the show by Mr. Manning's Erin's Pride.

THE DUCHESS OF Rutland, who takes a keen interest in Welsh mountain ponies which she breeds at her home in Warwickshire, arrived at lunchtime. I also met the Marquess of Willingdon who had come to see how his wife's ponies were getting on, as unfortunately Lady Willingdon had sprained her ankle the previous day and could not come herself. Her ponies were most successful and gained several awards, including a first with her foal

by Baroness Wentworth's champion Arab stallion. Mr. Derick Heathcoat-Amory, the new Minister of Agriculture, was another spectator.

Other winners at the show, which was a most interesting event, included Miss Minette, who won the 13.2 brood mare class for Mrs. Pennell, and Gay Galliard, which won the Abel Smith Challenge Cup presented by Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith for the best part-bred Arab:

MR. AND MRS. LEES-SMITH had the distinction of beating Miss Broderick's champion Welsh mountain pony, Coed Coch Siardus (unbeaten in her class), in the 12.2 brood mare class with Miss Clay's Philomel. This little mare later stood reserve to Hestor in the brood mare championship, while Siardus very easily won the Welsh brood mare class, the overseas visitors Challenge Cup for best Mountain and Moorland pony in the show, and the Coronation Cup for the supreme champion of the show.

Mr. Lees-Smith then produced Arden Cottage, a two-year-old daughter of Mrs. Glenda Spooner's pony stallion, Ardencaple, whose progeny has made his name, to win her class and eventually the Riding Pony Youngstock championship. Bubbly, owned by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Bullen, was again champion Palomino. This lovely and remarkable stallion has not only had a full season, but took part for four days in displays given by the Cattstock Pony Club at Olympia recently, and will be in the

[Continued overleaf]



British Association Members Enjoyed A Garden Party In The Grounds Of St. John's And Trinity

Sir David Keir, Master of Balliol, and Lady Keir were talking to Lady Hartley, wife of Sir Harold Hartley, the fuel expert

Sir Robert Robinson, President-elect of the B.A., with Sir Alexander Todd, Professor of Chemistry at Cambridge

Mrs. Adrian, wife of Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., the President, with Prof. Sir Rudolph Peters, the biochemist, and Lady Peters



MISS SALLY RUSSELL, who shared a coming-out dance with Miss Diana Child, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, of Burdenshot House, Guildford



MISS SHIERER GRANT-FERRIS will be having her dance on October 1. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant-Ferris, of Hazelton Manor, Rodmarton, Glos



MISS ELIZABETH ABEL-SMITH is the daughter of Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, of Winkfield, Windsor, and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Athlone

Three Débutantes Who Have Made An Outstanding Success Of Their First Season

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Norwegian Envoy At Christening

display to be given by this Pony Club at the Harringay Horse of the Year Show from October 5-9.

Pictures of this most successful Show will be found on pages 470-1.

★ ★ ★

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet has made a welcome return to the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden for a short season of ballet until the end of this month. Then they go to dance in Paris and the ballet of the Paris Opera House comes to perform at Covent Garden.

On the opening night Margot Fonteyn gave an exquisite performance in the title rôle of Fokine's ballet *The Firebird*, in which Michael Somes was the Prince and Frederick Ashton Kotschei the magician; and with the whole company she received a tremendous ovation at the end. The designs for the scenery and costumes by Mme. Gontcharova are those used for the Diaghilev production in 1926. The choreography for the present production has been revised by Serge Grigoriev and his wife Liubov Tchernicheva who also received great applause when they appeared on the stage at the end, as did Ernest Ansermet, the Swiss guest conductor.

Among the audience that evening were the Argentine Ambassador, Lady Keynes, Lady Ingram, who is going for a short holiday in Italy with Sir Bruce Ingram, Col. Sydney Fitzgerald and his daughter Georgina, who both enjoyed the ballet, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter, who is a great devotee, Sir Campbell Stuart, Mr. Anthony Gishford, Miss Marye Carew-Pole and her niece Miss Caroline Carew-Pole and Constance Cummings.

Pictures of this first night are on page 485.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to Headley Down for the christening of Cyril Norman Francis Kinsky, the infant son of Count and Countess Alphonse Kinsky, which took place in the little church of St. Joseph at Grayshott, where his parents were married in June last year. The ceremony was performed by Canon Harvey and the godmothers were Mrs. Rcsy Peake, a cousin of Count Kinsky, and Comtesse

Guy de Lubersac, who is a granddaughter of Countess Kinsky's own godmother and was one of her bridesmaids last year. Comtesse de Lubersac was a bride herself this summer, when she married the Comte at her lovely family home, Château de Mancreux, near Paris, in June.

The godfathers were M. Claude Laurent Atthalin and Mr. Rudolf Frastacky, who was not able to be present as he was in Toronto.

The Norwegian Ambassador with his daughter Miss Evie Prebensen and his two sons Nicky and Christopher Prebensen and Count Joseph Czernin, who had all lunched with Count and Countess Kinsky and her father, Mr. Norman Bohn, at Stonedene, his country house nearby, were present at the service. Mme. Prebensen was still away in Norway, so could not be there. After the ceremony Countess Kinsky, who looked charming in a fawn



MR. KENNETH HORNE, runner-up in the Illustrated Newspapers golf tournament at the Royal Mid-Surrey Club, Richmond, congratulates the winner, Mr. D. R. Reid, who holds the trophy

suit and little brown hat, entertained friends to a christening tea at Stonedene. Here they were able to drink the baby's health and enjoy a piece of his christening cake, which was the top tier of his parents' wedding cake.

BESIDES those I have already mentioned, other guests were Comte Guy de Lubersac, Mme. Atthalin and her two pretty daughters Odile and Thérèse, and Brig. and Mrs. Guy Mullins, who had motored up from Andover. They were off the following week for a fortnight's holiday on the Continent, staying with friends in France and Germany including Count Kinsky's brother-in-law and sister, Comte and Comtesse Bernd Galen. In addition there were Mr. Christopher and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet who had motored over from Amberley Castle, their home in Sussex, and Lt.-Col. Teddy Remington-Hobbs who brought his enchanting two-and-a-half year old daughter Julia, who, he told me, was going down with her nann to stay with the Hon. Jock and Mrs. Skeffington at Chilham Castle in Kent during the middle of this month. Mme. Brochocka, who lives near Stonedene, came along, as did Canon Harvey who told me he had come to live in this part of the country fifty years ago when he had lung trouble and was only given three months to live! A wonderful recommendation for the local air.

★ ★ ★

AT this time many young girls are off to Paris for their final "finish" before they make their début next season. Many parents I have met are hoping that the Presentation Parties will once again take place in the summer as the prewar Courts did, so that girls can remain at their finishing school until just before the season starts.

Already the dates for several coming-out dances have been fixed for next season. So, as at this early stage there is plenty of opportunity to choose dates which do not clash, I give them now. First, Lady Daphne Straight has chosen Wednesday, May 18, for the coming-out dance she is giving in London for her very attractive daughter Miss Camilla Straight. On June 2 the Hon. Mrs. Casey, Mrs. W. Codrington and Lady Katherine Nicholson are giving a joint coming-out dance at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughters Miss Bridget Casey, Miss Jane Codrington and Miss Rose Nicholson. On June 7, Lady Cayzer is giving a dance at Claridge's for Miss Nichola Cayzer. A dance in the country, in the most perfect setting, will be the one Mrs. John Sheffield and Mrs. Comer Wilson are giving for their daughters Miss Jane Sheffield and Miss Caroline Comer Wilson. This takes place at Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield's lovely Hampshire home, Laverstoke House, on June 10.

In our issue of August 25 we published pictures of the Cirencester Park Polo Club at Earl Bathurst's Park. We regret that owing to a photographer's slip, Mrs. F. Chadwick and Miss Boyd-Gibbins were incorrectly described, and tender our apologies to all concerned.



DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT has in her first season established herself as a natural leader of the younger generation. At parties and dances her charm and vitality have been manifest, while she has always been perfectly turned-out. This week she is due to arrive in New York with the Duchess of Kent, after their highly successful tour of Canada. The Princess is here in the garden of Coppins, though she will soon have a London home also in Kensington Palace



Baron

WHITE ROSE COUNTY SENT A DAUGHTER TO LONDON

TO the 1954 London season, during which she celebrated her eighteenth birthday, Miss Caroline York brought a freshness of personality and vividness of interest which made her one of the most popular of all the young partygoers. Her father, Mr. Christopher York, was M.P. for Harrogate until he resigned for health reasons this year. Miss York is a cousin of Lord Linlithgow, and a granddaughter of Sir Lionel Fletcher



SUNSHINE FOR HEYTHROP SHOW

ON top of the Cotswolds the sun blazed down fiercely, to the pleasure of spectators of the Heythrop Hunt and Oddington Horse Show, though riders perhaps would have preferred it a little cooler. Nevertheless, a first-rate programme of jumping went through, and some very fine hunters won prizes in what may be called the "static" display

Gathered at the ringside were Col. C. G. Darby, Mrs. P. MacKinnon, who is joint-Master of the Heythrop, Mr. Hugh Sumner and Capt. J. W. D. Evans



Mrs. Mann and Major J. Mann were discussing exhibits with Lord Ashton of Hyde



Chatting together between events were Miss J. Walwyn and Col. Ted Lyon



Capt. R. E. Wallace, joint-M.F.H., who paraded the hounds, was here with Mrs. Wallace



G./Capt. W. J. Leather was in conversation with Mrs. Seymour-Price and Ann Seymour-Price



Well disposed to enjoy all the afternoon had to produce were Miss B. Shennan, Mrs. Dermot Daly, Miss J. Jebb, Miss J. Mackinnon and Miss A. Swire

P. C. Palmer



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, T.D., who succeeded to the title as 11th Duke in 1949, is Hereditary Master of H.M.'s Household in Scotland, and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland. But it is perhaps more in the character of Admiral of the Western Isles that he is undertaking to solve the marine mystery of the sunken Spanish galleon, Duc de Florencia, in Tobermory Bay. As "Criticus" says below, "And now the hunt is on in earnest, employing the most modern underwater methods..."



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO in the garden at Melgund, near Hawick, which she and the Earl now make their home. She was formerly Miss Marion Cook, of Montreal, and married the Earl in 1921. They have a son and two daughters

Talk Around the Town

ANY day now the salvage crew engaged by the Duke of Argyll to explore, and if possible to raise, the hulk of the famous Spanish galleon lying just off-shore in Tobermory Bay, Isle of Mull, should complete the first phase of their task.

Although many vessels of the dispersed Armada lie in the waters around the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, special interest has for long been attached to this particular ship, because of the belief—contested by some Spanish authorities—that she was the pay ship of the fleet.

If that were so she might be expected to have had on board much treasure. She was, in fact, the only unit of the Armada, other

than those which managed to sail back to Spain, which found a safe haven around our shores.

Moreover, even after she had been sunk by the explosion of her powder magazine—the work it is said of an angry Maclean who, held as a hostage, sacrificed his own life to prevent the vessel from putting to sea—she lay for long in comparatively shallow water a short distance off-shore.

OVER the past three centuries many attempts have been made to probe her secrets. But at no stage has the advance in the technique of underwater exploration been abreast of the mounting difficulties presented by the gradual settling

of the hulk into, and finally beneath, the silt of the sea bed.

Even so, many fascinating and beautiful trophies have been brought to the surface, including a bronze cannon cast by that sixteenth-century Florentine master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There must be many others.

DURING the five years that Ian Campbell, now eleventh Duke of Argyll, languished in P.O.W. camps in the last war, the romance of the galleon, lying so close to the shore of the lands which would some day be his, must have captured his imagination.

Certainly it was not long after he succeeded his recluse cousin in the title in 1949 that he turned his attention to the mass of documents, which he found at Inveraray Castle, bearing on the history of the Spanish warship, whose hulk and contents had been bequeathed to the Marquess of Argyll and his heirs by Charles I. in 1641.

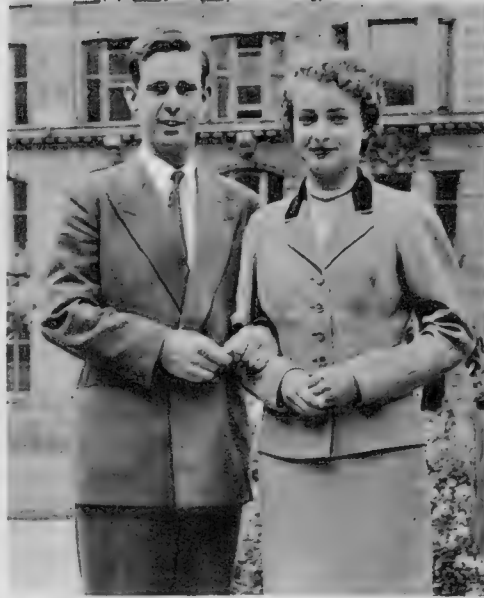
Nor was his interest purely in the historical value of this intriguing bequest, which had come to him along with estates which had not been best managed and a castle which had been allowed to fall into a lamentable state of disrepair. Here, after all, might lie much-needed treasure on his very doorstep.

AND now the hunt is on in earnest, employing the most modern underwater methods on the site which was pin-pointed by Royal Navy divers a couple of years ago. Great 8-inch vacuum pipes are sucking up the silt from the floor of the bay to create a sort of submarine saucer around the old ship, leaving her lying clear for the divers' inspection.

When last I saw a sample cut from her timbers it looked for all the world like raw iron. What will they find as they creep about her? Will the pipes have sucked out the mud from inside, so that they can inspect the cabins and holds? Is she still sufficiently sound to be sectioned and brought to the surface?

Is there bullion in chests, or have these, by their own weight, broken through her bottom to sink still deeper into the silt? Surely there will be skeletons of men, with medallions around their bony necks. The captain's glass and table-ware; jewels, perhaps?

It is a fascinating exploration. And in charge of the operations is Rear-Admiral (retd.) Patrick McLaughlin, whose naval



MISS ANN PHILLIPS, British girl golf champion in 1952 and English international, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nigel David Howard, who was five years cricket captain of Lancashire until 1953, and plays hockey for Cheshire

career was built up on Ordnance. The "cannon" which he has been supplying to H.M. ships until last year differ somewhat from the Cellini models which he may now deliver to the Duke of Argyll.

★ ★ ★

OVER the last of several remarkably powerful martinis—made with American distilled gin, "94.8 proof"—I listened with some astonishment the other evening to a forceful presentation of the American point of view. Or so, at least, it was described.

The speaker was an American civilian engaged on important work in this country for the U.S.A.F. His audience was a small group of Greek shipowners. The theme, the difficulties Europeans seem to have in burying their differences and pulling together as a happy family of some 400,000,000 souls.

The Greeks pointed out that many centuries and many races had introduced historical factors which could not so easily be reconciled. "Ah! forget your history," urged the American.

"What's the use of living in the past. Tear up your history books. All that's

out of date now. It's just holding you back. Look at us. We're happy, prosperous. Start again on the lines that have brought us success. We began as a lot of races, now we're just one happy family of Americans. You're crazy . . ." and a good deal more in the same vein.

MY Greek friends bore all this with remarkable equanimity and good humour, though without conceding that the influences of a history extending back over five or six thousand years could be overlooked, or brushed aside so lightly as our American friend seemed to contend.

It chanced that he bore the name of a medium-sized town in the north of Scotland, and I asked him whether he himself had not been sufficiently interested in his own personal history to make some research into the origins of his ancestors, and how he came to bear that name.

The return of our hostess and the other ladies relieved a situation which was becoming a little tense.

Now I, for one, should be among the first to concede that the past fifteen or twenty years has seen a great advance in the evolution of the American citizen as an entity.

He is developing his own aspect and build—the latter much influenced by copious feeding, greatly augmented by vitamin tablets, much milk, cream and other body-building items—and, in some respects, his own common speech and line of thought.

But to suggest, as our friend that evening insisted, that racial histories have been forgotten in the United States just cannot be substantiated.

HOW is it, for example, that in sixteen of the forty-eight States there are some eighty thriving foreign-language daily newspapers printed in twenty different languages—to say nothing of weeklies—and with circulations which challenge the English language dailies.

Language and historical consciousness have a good deal in common, and although the educational system of the United States takes a good many liberties with history, there is still far to go before Americans can claim that the influence of history prior to the seventeenth century has been eliminated from their way of life. Nor do I believe that the majority of them would like it better that way.

—*Criticus*



Viscount Soulbury, former Governor-General of Ceylon, talking to Mrs. C. S. Wilson, mother of the bridegroom



The bride and bridegroom put Anthony, Mr. Wilson's son, on a chair to have his picture taken



The bride's parents, Sir Ernest Cain, Bt., the barrister, and Lady Cain, who live at Wargrave Manor, in Berkshire

The Wedding Reception of Mr. Charles Wilson and Miss Vivien Cain, daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cain



Engaged in important excavations: Annabel and Virginia Lathbury, daughters of Major-Gen. and Mrs. G. W. Lathbury, and Philippa van Straubenzee, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Henry van Straubenzee

THE ISLAND ENJOYS AN INDIAN SUMMER

WITH autumn's saffron tinge already on the horizon, many of the storms that beset the English summer seem to have relaxed their fury. At Bembridge the younger folk pursue their holiday occupations with undiminished vigour—bathing, castle-building, or more simply "messaging about in boats"



David and Charlotte, twin son and daughter of Mrs. Charles Shepley-Cuthbert, were going into the Garland Club after their bathe



Four young mariners who had just returned from a short voyage were Camilla Bellville, Fiona Sheffield and Clare and Anne Cobbold



Jane Gilroy, Deirdre Heber-Percy and Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot were busily getting their craft ready for a day's sailing



Helped by his mother, Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Charles Stirling rowed but his sister Charlotte looked apprehensive



Planning their next voyage were Fiona Thorneycroft, Peter Romer Lee, Angus McNeil and Kate Dickenson



After a prawning ploy, Hamo and Julie Thorneycroft went off with their mother, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, for tea



Lady Catherine and Lady Rose Chetwynd-Talbot, daughters of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury



Making for open water were Simon, Richard and Tessa Head, children of Mr. Arthur and Lady Dorothea Head



Setting out in her boat was Lady Sylvia Harris, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury



DINING OUT

Holiday Hotels, Good and Bad

THERE is a well-known song which says: "Oh, it's nice to be beside the seaside." Well, maybe it is. It can also be quite horrible to be beside the seaside, in particular if you have chosen the wrong hotel.

There are countless thousands of seaside hotels, but sad to say, there are certainly not this number worth visiting. It is true that people who run seaside hotels have a great mountain of difficulties with which to contend, not the least of which, especially in 1954, is the unpredictable English weather. There is the Catering Wages Act, which seems to be a source of distress to managements, shortage of staff, and the fact that so much of that staff is probably temporary for the season and not up to the standard desired. All these things are used as an excuse for poor service, indifferent food or high prices, as and when you have the courage to complain.

It is true that to be really first-class, seaside hotels have to be expensive. They may stay open for twelve months of the year, but they have only four in which to make their money.

MANY seaside hotels, of course, are quite excellent, run by enthusiasts, and it is a pleasure to stay in them from every point of view, two outstanding examples being: BURLINGTON HOTEL, Folkestone—run by Robert Lush, who is full of the right ideas as to the reception and courtesy he expects his guests to receive from the staff and has many original thoughts on the décor of his establishment.

As far as the food is concerned, they concentrate on regional foods, such as lobsters, soles, turbot, etc., which, according to Robert Lush, appeal more to visitors from the Continent than the locals, who enthuse about the new grill-room. The wine list is well chosen, comprehensive, and extremely reasonable in price.

ANOTHER estimable establishment is the PAVILION HOTEL at Scarborough, which is beautifully decorated and has a great air of charm and distinction . . . the napery, silver and glassware are a wonder.

They have a fine wine list with an astonishing number of château-bottled wines, and are particularly interested in their Châteauneuf du Pape, Domain Paul Avril, which is of exceptional quality. I believe that the Pavilion is the only hotel that has it in this country.

The food is definitely of the *haute cuisine*. They were modest when they pointed out that most of their specialities are more or less the same everywhere, providing they are prepared by a *maitre chef*.

The chairman is Frank Laughton—maybe you have seen his brother Charles on the screen some time.

—I. Bickerstaff



A GALLIC SUNBEAM, in the shape of the French jockey (Larry Noble), convinces Alfred Tubbe (John Slater, left) and Flash Harry (Basil Lord) that an answer to their problems is near. That answer, however, merely raises a new problem for Fred Phipps (Brian Rix)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"Dry Rot" (Whitehall)

Nor to have recognised at the proper time the concealed staying power of the two farces which have filled this theatre since the war, is an unnerving memory. Ruefully conscious of past fallibility, theatrical promoters examined the points of the successor with the utmost circumspection. They were not to be fooled a third time. I have no means of knowing how many of them adventured their shirts on another long run, but no sudden flash of prophetic insight came to me.

Pusillanimously I returned money to pocket and resigned myself to being fooled again. As I remember the amiably rompish *Worm's-Eye View* and the ram-you-damn-you *Reluctant Heroes*, they were unpretentiously efficient farces. *Dry Rot* strikes me as being merely unpretentious.

Anything more unpretentious could scarcely be imagined. Mr. John Chapman's story is of three comic crooks who set out to paralyse the favourite in the big race. But until the race comes to be relayed on the radio in the penultimate scene and the anxieties of the chief comic threaten to paralyse him rather than the horse, we hardly know that there is a sort of story trying to force its way through the jumble of familiar but irrelevant misunderstandings.

To avert suspicion, the Cockney bookmaker stays at the quiet hotel run by a retired colonel and his wife and pretty daughter. He passes off his gormless accomplice as his valet and engages a demure Harrovian secretary who is not party to his designs. The arrival of this odd circus is made just when the joke of the colonel plagued by a maid-of-all-work not so stupid as she pretends has been brought well up to the point of exhaustion. The touch of fun that it has carried is briskly taken up by the topty-lofty manner of the bowler-hatted bookie. He is doing his best to create a façade of respectability, and again and again this façade is turned into a horse collar through which appears the face of the gormless accomplice grinning ingenuously.

This does well enough till an accidental kick at the bell opens a secret panel in the wall of the old

inn. The cellar beneath serves as a stable where Flash Harry, the bookmaker's second accomplice, can get on with his job of doping the stolen horse.

UPON this follows a great opening and shutting of the panel as those in the know try to conceal its secret from those not in the know, and when this kind of confusion has sufficiently delighted us it gives way to a great whirl of verbal confusion. The French champion jockey come to stay at the hotel speaks not a word of English, and since nobody else speaks a word of French, the situation is good for at least ten minutes. Then at night the Colonel, disturbed by strange noises, gets loose with a double-barrelled sporting gun, and his rampaging finally lets in a stalwart policewoman who somehow gets the impression that she is dealing with a lot of sex maniacs.

It is quite late in the evening when all these more or less unrelated farcical diversions begin to cohere into the wild intensity of good farce. Flash Harry has overdone his doping of the horse, which falls into a coma. It becomes necessary then to keep the French champion jockey out of the race and for the gormless accomplice to take his place. This is arranged neatly enough; and we are left with the race itself, which, as listened to on the radio by the Cockney bookmaker, is extremely good fun, borrowing its main idea from the misadventure of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's Agatha Runcible in the motor race.

ITS players handle the piece competently. Mr. John Slater is the blustering bookmaker, an always amusing performance if without sufficiently dynamic comic force. Mr. Brian Rix is the chief butt, undergoing various indignities with a great show of unwillingness. More use might be made of Miss Wynne Clark's battle-axe of a policewoman. Miss Cicely Paget-Bowman is the Colonel's wife, and Mr. Charles Cameron the Colonel. If they have not much to do at least they manage to turn a ludicrous conversation touching an imaginary piano into the funniest thing of the evening.



COLONEL WAGSTAFF (Charles Cameron) takes the midnight offensive with characteristic sangfroid



Sharing a table for drinks during the interval were Mrs. Clemens Hartman and her husband, Mr. John Hallam and Mrs. Angela Burgoyne-Lee

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET opened its London season brilliantly at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with *The Firebird*, in which Margot Fonteyn danced the title-role, *The Three-Cornered Hat* and the gay *La Boutique Fantasque*.



Two members of the audience who enjoyed this notable first night were Miss Alice Lascelles and Lady Charlotte Bonham-Carter



The celebrated Shakespearian director, Sir Barry Jackson, was in conversation with Mrs. Hilda Dent



Clayton Evans

Mr. Richard Lister, Mr. Christopher Lezard, Miss Susan Ball and Miss Jennifer Burnier were comparing their impressions over a cup of coffee

London Linelight



"The Diary of a Nobody" at the Arts: George Benson, Dulcie Grey, Leslie Phillips and Laurie Main

Mr. Pooter's Progress

IT has been Mr. Pooter's misfortune to become a literary snob's touchstone, a pocket Pickwick, the memory of whose adventures—if quoted in detail—stamped one as a connoisseur of English humour.

To survive this sort of luck, with its accompanying cloud of malevolence from the unenlightened, is a fine histrionic feat, and Mr. Basil Dean's players at the Arts get my warm, if reluctant, congratulations. Messrs. Dean and Blake have conjured the characters from paper to flesh with a conviction which should satisfy the pundits and make modest admirers of this period piece of condescending caricature very happy.

The familiar bourgeoisie are all 'there, large as life, and (it must be faced) at times very nearly as dull as their devotees. Still, the feat is considerable and an agreeably tranquil late Victorian evening is the result. My particular regards go to Erik Chitty's ripe medlar of a waiter and to Michael Ellis for his impeccable costumes. Burwin-Fosselton fans will be ecstatic.

THE first harbinger of winter, like an unnatural cuckoo, is to hand, in the form of an ice-pantomime announcement. Tommy Trinder will be seen at the Empress Hall in *Cinderella On Ice*, from December 2nd onwards, a production from the lavish hand and purse of Mr. Claude Langdon. The occasion will be the first appearance of the comedian in this form of entertainment and it occurs to me that rival impresarios may be hard put to it in finding a strong counter-attraction. Max Miller, perhaps—on very thin ice?

AFTER Benjamin Britten's gloomy version of a life in the Royal Navy comes Lennox Berkeley's new opera, *Nelson*, which will have its world première on September 22nd at Sadler's Wells. *Billy Budd* was an unhappy member of the lower deck and a symbol of the miseries of despotism. Now we shall see that the Admiral's cabin may also have its share of mental tribulation and heartburnings. The libretto, which closely follows historic truth, is by Alan Price-Jones and the set designs are by Felix Kelly.

Robert Thomas will sing as Lord Nelson, and Victoria Elliott as Lady Hamilton. The entire production will be broadcast by the B.B.C. on the opening night, a bold stroke which should yield dividends. Let us all hope respectfully that the comic muse (a sly wench, very mischievously disposed to opera) is kept well out of sight. "England Expects" could make a fine patriotic aria; but a sailor's chorus of "Kiss me Hardy . . . ?"

—Youngman Carter



F. J. Goodman

COMTESSE CHEVREAU D'ANTRAIGUES, owner of the Chateau L'Elysée at Ouchy, Lausanne, relaxes in her sitting-room, once the boudoir of Mme. Recamier. Internationally famed as a hostess, she is a daughter of the late Sir John and Lady Latta, and has one son by a previous marriage, the Marquis de Cramayel

Priscilla of Paris

A Strange Affair In The Garden

FROM THE ISLAND.—Golden September is with us. Crowds and clouds seem to have vanished together . . . but whether altogether remains to be seen. Life is divinely peaceful, and we hate to think that the holidays are nearly over.

On the Island we are finding a certain puzzlement in the state of our flower-beds. The autumn crocuses, that usually only show signs of life towards mid-September, are turning my garden into a Field of the Cloth of Gold, while the lupins, that I have nursed most tenderly since June, are only just beginning to respond.

I quite realise that a garden left to its own devices for eight months out of twelve must always be a horticultural heartbreak,

but even so, autumn crocus during the last days of August, when the lupins are merely promising to flower, is surely a daft state of affairs.

WE have not had quite so many celebrities as usual on the Island this year. Perhaps Sacha Guitry had engaged them all for his crowd scenes in *Napoleon*. An Ambassador was announced which delighted the socialites till they heard that his visit was to be incognito. However, since his name and style were blazoned on every piece of luggage, the inevitable rubber-necks had a fine time peeking over his garden wall, which must have been somewhat annoying. The socialites politely left him alone. Perhaps that was annoying also.

Robert Bresson, of *Curé de Campagne* and

other fame, was here long enough to sample a few tepid noons and frozen nights, but he was not his pleasant, cheery self; was it the weather or his film *La Princesse de Clèves*, now in the making, that worried him? Old friends, however, are, somewhat belatedly, turning up. The two J's, Jean and Josy Gutzeit, came down from Brussels and arrived just in time for the showing of Dr. Michel Darras's enchanting travel film in colours.

IN 1940 Dr. Darras, his charming wife Claudine, and their three children came to the Island as refugees from the North of France. Their fourth child was born here. Two summers ago they made a return visit in order to introduce young No. 4 to his birthplace. It was a rapid trip, but Dr. Darras, who is a remarkably fine amateur *cinéaste* and photographer, took some excellent shots of various beauty spots of the Island and—all unbeknown—of some of us.

This year we were shown these pictures and were thrilled to the very marrow of our bones. Josy Gutzeit, for instance, with her Hayworth colouring and luscious smile, has missed the bus to Hollywood . . . what a star she could have been! The rest of us are going about in dark spectacles hoping to be taken for Mysterious Somebodies, which is as good a silly game as any. Early in the day I happened to catch sight of myself in the plate-glass window of the confectioner's shop, however . . . and I woke up, P.D.Q.

NERO fiddled while Rome burned. Marianne-France sings and dances—if we may believe our Island satirists—while her conference-loving representatives gabble. A brilliantly written *revue* entitled *C.E.D.* (the initials, in this case, standing for *Chants et Danses*) amused us a little ruefully, coming, as it did, a few days after General Georges Picot's interesting causerie on "the Sahara," when certain *gouvernants* heard a few more home truths . . . or would have done had they been present!

The longer evenings of these so swiftly shortening days gives me more time to indulge in my pet vice of reading in bed. I have just received F. de Grand' Combe's delightful essay: "Verbal Inhibitions of the English." It is as witty and erudite as his enchanting "*Tu viens en Angleterre*" that, for so many of my Anglo-French and Franco-British friends as well as for myself, has become a *livre de chevet*. M. de Grand' Combe in private life is M. Felix Boillot, the versatile and witty professor of French at the University of Bristol, from which he retired ten years ago. He returns there in October to be present at the inauguration of his portrait painted by the Hon. Mrs. Earl, a niece of Somerset Maugham, who is one of his old friends.

M. Boillot de Grand' Combe has just finished addressing the envelopes that will convey to his friends the intimation of his "future departure to Eternity." "For indeed," asks this kindly and courteous writer, "why should one cease to be polite merely because one is dead?"

Enfin!

● "Few books. . . . Few friends . . . but good ones!"—Colette.



AN AMPHIBIOUS FLEET ROLLS DOWN TO THE SEA

SO handy are the sailing dinghies that with the aid of a pair of wheels they are nearly as much at home as afloat. Here entrants in the National Firefly Championships at Stokes Bay, Lee-on-Solent, are conducting their fully-rigged boats to the launching-point with the aid of trailers

**Continued
overleaf**



Mr. J. C. Foulsham lifts the bow of his boat while Miss Jennifer Jenkins pushes the trailer underneath



In the "park" Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clayden were just starting to set up the mainsail of their dinghy



Mr. and Mrs. Terry Rodgers, of the University of London S.C., were waiting their turn to go down to the beach

Continuing—

FIREFLIES WHISTLED FOR A RACING WIND

VERY light and changeable airs, and later a strong tide, made this year's Firefly championship races in the Solent a test of strategy and meticulous preparation. It was won by the celebrated helmsman twins, Mr. A. and Mr. S. Jardine, whose Javelin, in the last round, beat its closest challenger, Mr. R. Reid's Asta



Miss Mary Iliff and Mr. David Edwards were here fastening a new set of sheets to their sails



Busily engaged with Disillusion's sailcloth were Mr. Ian Cox and Miss Creina Huggett



A clear run for Honey, Mr. John Fisher's boat. Assisting him with the trailer was Miss Alison Brewis



A group of Ichenor S.C. members discussing prospects: Mr. W. P. Bush, Miss Veronica Fowler, Mr. Keith Stanley, Mr. Terence Greer, Mr. R. L. Wilson, Mr. R. G. Macfarlane Reid, Mr. Michael Alexander and Mr. Jeremy Franks



On Tsetse in the bright sun-
e were Miss Anne Findlay and
Mr. J. Patrick Goodison



A proverbial tangle of cordage called for
the united efforts of Mr. and Mrs. John
Prentice to unravel it



Miss P. Wookey made a rudder adjustment while Mr. J. Wheat-
croft tightened the outhaul of his Tay Bee. Principal trophies
were the Sir Ralph Gore Cup and the Sir Richard Fairey Cup



On the roof of the Stokes Bay S.C., the hon. secretary, Mr. M. P. Hamlin, watched the yachts
being made ready for launching. There were 127 entries, of which more than half retired owing to the
lack of driving power in such breeze as there was

Barry Swaebe



"... being drunk, thought the weather was marvellous"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

COMPLAINING from Strawberry Hill about the cold wet summer of 1793, Horace Walpole could think offhand of nobody—not even the Tories—to blame for it, unlike those citizens who go round nowadays cursing the harmless atomic boys for wrecking our "traditional English summer" of sunshine and roses. As a meteorological authority lately pointed out over the air, this tradition is largely illusion.

If we quote the priggish Walpole it is because he habitually drank nothing but iced water or China tea, and thus saw the weather as it actually was, whereas the rest of the Race at this period, being drunk, thought the weather was marvellous; or so one gathers from the total absence of cold wet summers from 18th century prose and poetry. Compare a charming poem by an American sweetheart some time ago beginning:

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets ...

In this case we blame her friends for not putting her right at the time, as the friends of another romantic girl once did in our hearing at a party. "Listen, honey," they said coaxingly, "you can't fly far out of that window, and even if you did, honey," they said, "you maybe wouldn't meet Peter Pan anywhere in Central Park." So she did an Objibway corn-dance instead and all was well. The sunny-English-summer illusion could have been disposed of by Horace Walpole with equal ease had he taken the trouble to write round to everybody concerned.

A superior position, we grant you; but achieved and maintained at fearful cost.

Floral

BIG BUSINESS executives are sending expensive flowers to each other ("Flowers are grand business-builders") more and more, according to a slab of florists' publicity in one of the dailies. And not, as you might think, invariably in the shape of wreaths.

"Reciprocal gifts of flowers are bringing a new joy, a new fragrance, a new beauty, a new purpose into the world of finance," a wellknown City tycoon said to us last week, burying his large red face in a sheaf of Arum lilies. "I got these this morning from my friend Sir George ('Dusty') Whackstraw of Globular Concessions. Last Friday I sent Dusty a big spray of orchids. He sent me back a basket of exquisite red roses. I replied with freesias. He came back at me with lilies. Today I am sending Dusty a quantity of choice azaleas, and if you know anything about the Language of Flowers," said this tycoon, summoning his floral secretary, "I don't have to tell you that on Wednesday next Dusty is for the high-jump, apart from that secret merger of Sloppo Skinjoy with United Widgets."

Footnote

SUBSEQUENT enquiries in the City enable us to translate the operative clauses from the Language of Flowers, used above, as follow:

ORCHIDS: Watch your step, rat, the boys are keeping tabs.

ROSES: Getting tough, huh? Don't forget last month's double-cross.

FREESIAS: That baby was all the world to me and you broke her heart, so you're for it.

LILIES: She was my baby and don't forget I know all about the flat in Curzon Street.

AZALEAS: One more squawk out of you and I spill the dirt to Somerset House.

Oddly enough, they tell us, a gift bunch of simple daisies may lead to a hasty air-booking for the Argentine. Just one of the many mysteries of *la haute finance*.

Doom

REALISING that the starstruck locals of Dorset are something rather special, a Hollywood producer grappling at this moment with a script requiring a Dorset background has (*vide Press*) wisely called in a Dorset man, the British Consul-General in Los Angeles, as technical adviser. But even then ...

Our own advice some time ago to some film-boys worrying over a script featuring a mad Dorset girl was to change her to a mad Middlesex girl, whose native *patois* would not inflict words like "vromble" and "swuthery" on the populace. When the Society of Middlesex Men in London raised Cain over this the film-boys switched to a mad Shropshire girl. Having had her throat cut, according to Shropshire custom, in the opening sequence, this sweetheart gave no more trouble. What Hollywood is really up against in the matter of Dorset girls is, of course, the fact that these babies are all helpless in the grip of blind, overbeating Fate, as Slogger Thos. ("Misery") Hardy established years ago. This makes them nearly as "difficult" as Rutland girls, who are pursued by the Furies from cradle to grave, as Baudelaire discovered. ("Ombres folles, courez au but ...") Any explorer who has penetrated into Rutlandshire will confirm that Saturday night in Oakham is an inferno.

Araby

A LOST budgerigar repeating "Three-double-four-O-one" in a provincial garden made a news-story of sorts the other day, and we couldn't help feeling our Fleet Street brethren rather fell down on it by (a) not observing this feathered chum in the act of actually telephoning the folks at home, and (b) not connecting him with the mysterious long-haired type who landed from a flying saucer and spoke in a language unknown to two sweethearts near Mosjoen, Central Norway, on the same day.

If the long-haired stranger was a troll from the Dovrefjeld, as we strongly suspect, his healing mission would be, like that of the telephoning budgerigar, to help the Press boys to take the public mind off Compton's right knee—a big front-page shock the previous day—by, so to speak, singing it songs of Araby, like the gentleman in the ballad.

And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes. ...

Whether the sweetheart sung to was herself worried sick over a Test cricketer's knee we don't remember; her blue eyes would doubtless show no expression whatsoever before, during, or after. Nevertheless we think our inky brethren should strive to interest the citizenry in strange or bizarre stories every time a cricketer's troubles tend to excite and depress it unduly. This was Nanny's technique and we doubt if it can be bettered.

Hora novissima, tempora pessima—never was the aid of what might be called the Araby School of Thought more needed than at this moment. At the same time we think the name of Compton's right knee should have been disclosed. Why keep these things back?



"... mysterious long-haired type who landed from a flying saucer"



On the flat roof of the Royal Liverpool G.C. Standing are Mr. J. G. Kynoch, Mr. R. J. R. Gordon, Alan Bussell, Mr. L. H. Holley, Mr. Desmond Bussell. Sitting, Mrs. Sainsbury, Mrs. Bussell, Mrs. Kynoch, Mrs. Holley, Mrs. Ward Thomas and Miss Mounsey

HIGH DRAMA marked the final of the Boys' Golf Championship at Hoylake, when Alan Bussell, of Kelvinside Academy, the eventual winner, found in K. Warren, of Coombe Hill, a rival who, from a traditionally hopeless position, nearly overtook him



Miss Valerie Frith, sister of David Frith (High Pavement Grammar School), was wheeling his caddy carriage

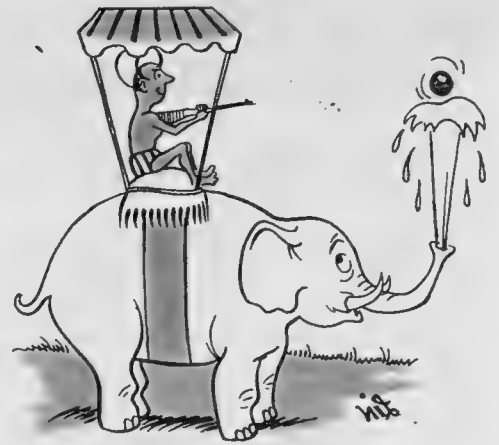


In the first round Tom Burns was being condoled with by fellow Stonyhurst student Michael Tweddell, who beat him



D. R. Stuart

During a light shower Harry McIlree, from Knock, Belfast, showed Garry Gibberson, one of the semi-finalists, some of his competitors' badges, which he had attached to his ball bag



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE doctor's waiting-room was very full. Every chair was taken and some patients were standing. There was desultory conversation, but after a while a silence fell and the patients sat waiting. ★ Finally a man stood up wearily and remarked: ★
"Well, I think I'll go home and die a natural death."

"MY dear," said the first woman, "I haven't seen her for years. Did she marry that man with red hair and a lot of money?"
"Yes, she did," replied the second, "and he's still got the red hair."

"THE Zulu War," said the old colonel at the club, "was much worse than this last one. Why, I remember the time when a Zulu threw his spear at me, and it pinned me to the ground. I was lying there for three days."
"But didn't it hurt?" asked one of the group.
"Not much," said the colonel—"only when I laughed."

CELEBRATING his hundredth birthday, an old man was being interviewed by a local reporter. Asked to what he attributed his longevity, he told the reporter that it was because he had remained a bachelor.
"Young man," he said, "remember this. Marriage is for women only. A man should have nothing to do with it."

AScore minister, watching the return of his gardener from delivering the invitations to the annual parsonage supper, was shocked to discover that the man was very much the worse for drink.
"Good gracious, Sandy!" he exclaimed. "Ye're in a terrible state. What does it mean?"
"Weel, ye see," said Sandy, "it's a' through thae invitation cards—I tak's them roon', and first ane asks me tak' a wee drappie, an' then anither asks me tae a wee drappie, an' sae I gets like this."
"Why, this is terrible," wailed the minister. "Are there no temperance people in the parish?"
"Oh, yes, lots o' them," replied Sandy, "but I sent their cards by post."

At The Pictures

TENTERHOOKS,
GRADE ONE

Trapper trapped: Ann Blyth and Fernando Lomas in "Rose Marie"

FOR those who like their film fare spiced with suspense, *The High and the Mighty* is a strongly seasoned dish. For an hour-and-a-half we sit on tenterhooks wondering if, and when, an airliner is going to crash. Tension is discreetly built up from trivialities and then kept simmering throughout by the skilful direction of William Wellman.

In company with a motley passenger list and a neurotic crew, we board an airliner bound from Honolulu to San Francisco. Over the Pacific the jitters set in among passengers and crew for no better reason than that the chief pilot is having a nervous crisis and a passenger senses impending doom. They inter-act, and by judicious cutting from cockpit to passenger cabin an atmosphere is created in which a spilt coffee-pot takes on menacing import. Finally, of course, the aircraft really does get into trouble. But I must not spoil your ghoulish fun.

The situation is not without effect on the passengers. There is rapid reform among the bad characters, who include a jealous husband, a drunken scientist, a selfish wife, an egotistical impresario, and two ladies of easy virtue. The good ones just get gooder. I liked the irony whereby, when the plane lands safely, the reformed characters revert to their old ways.

As the hero, a veteran pilot, John Wayne gives a satisfying performance on which the film hinges. There is a plummy cast of passengers, including Claire Trevor, Laraine Day and Robert Newton.

A workmanlike and entertaining job which is not recommended for timid air passengers.

EVERGREEN operetta *Rose Marie*, given full-dress treatment by M.-G.-M. in CinemaScope, emerges as one would expect: a plump, glossy musical, just the thing for a good laugh and cry.

Though not improved by an attempt to make it more realistic, it wears very well, and the Hammerstein songs are as fresh and pleasant as when Mummy and Daddy held hands and listened to them for the first time. They are agreeably sung by Ann Blyth as Rose Marie and Howard Keel as Sgt. Malone.

The wide screen admirably accommodates the scenic effects, both on location in the Canadian wilds and in the ambitious studio sets.

THE old fantasy about the angel who came to earth receives lightweight treatment in *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp*, a product of Group 3, that intended nursery for film talent.

This angel (Diane Cilento) arrives with instructions to "do good," but no material means except a harp which she has to pawn. This introduces her to a nexus of rather trifling domestic problems which she sets out to solve with varying success. It is a nice little film, but the director never seems to get a real grip on his subject matter.

Within these limits the film has good moments, notably with Felix Aylmer, who is at home in the character part of an old pawnbroker. Miss Cilento makes a mischievously charming angel.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Among those whom the sunshine tempted to remain outside during the tea interval were John Holloway, Mrs. C. L. Longstaff, Mrs. L. Barnett, Lt.-Col. L. A. Harrison, Susan Barnett and Mrs. B. Holloway



Major-Gen. Sir Guy Glover, Colonel of the South Staffs, with Mrs. P. H. Graves-Morris, wife of the Mercians' C.O.

MERCIAHS WERE HOSTS
ON FIELD AND IN MESS

EXCITING cricket was seen when the Mercian Brigade entertained their neighbours, the Midland Brigade, at Whittington Barracks, Lichfield, the visitors passing the home team's total with only seven minutes in hand. To round off a highly successful day, a very gay dance was held in the Officers' Mess



Major S. H. Cross, Mrs. Millar, Major D. Millar, Major C. R. M. Nicholas, Mrs. Nicholas and Mrs. H. Conroy. With Major Nicholas is his son Timothy, and sitting are Philip Graves-Morris, Cassandra Nicholas and Ann Conroy



Sitting out a dance was Miss Judith Jenkins, who had as companions Lt.-Col. R. J. C. Evans, T.D., and Mrs. Evans



Near a vase of beautiful summer flowers, Brig. F. Martin, D.S.O., Mrs. Foulkes, Capt. G. I. Foulkes, M.C., and Mrs. F. L. J. Jackson were watching a novelty dance with amusement



In the Mess Library Mrs. R. D. Owen and Mrs. Fausset were chatting with Lt. C. B. T. Fausset



Major D. H. Donnelly, Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Rodgers, Lt.-Col. C. T. Rodgers and Mrs. Forde found Major Dennis Forde a most entertaining raconteur



Three at the C.O.'s supper party were Lt. D. C. Tyson, M.C., Miss Deirdre Graves-Morris and Miss Pat Parsons



J. Lindley
Col. Graves-Morris, Mrs. Dennis Forde, Lt.-Col. N. W. Finlinson, D.S.O., Mr. M. K. Cavenagh-Mainwaring, High Sheriff of Staffs, Mrs. Cavenagh-Mainwaring and Mrs. John Gordon



Flying

Oliver Stewart

Comet 3 Was Belle Of Farnborough

MY impressions of the new arrangement for the static exhibition at Farnborough were favourable. As those who attended the show know, the large tent was moved to the top of the hill and a wide, hard-surfaced approach was built to the main entrance. Inside the tent the floor was also hard-surfaced, although in parts it did not appear to have had quite enough time to set. Then there was the enormous wind brake outside the tent.

This was built on exactly the same pattern as the early airship wind brakes, but it had an undeniably decorative effect and I believe that some visitors imagined that decoration was its sole purpose.

But however good the static exhibition, the flying always attracts the main focus of attention. And as I predicted, the Folland Midge—which is a preliminary study for the Gnat—proved outstanding. Squadron Leader Tennant, the Midge pilot, devised a demonstration which showed off to the fullest advantage the great manoeuvrability of the machine. To me this aircraft is of personal interest, because I flew a number of the aircraft that were designed by Folland, who created the firm. All of them had the quality of responsiveness in high degree—the S.E.5, the Nighthawk and the Gladiator

—and now Petter is carrying on the good work.

Among the civil aircraft we had glimpses of the Britannia and of the Viscount; but they could not attend every day. Britannia progress is rapid and I hear from a friend at Bristol that the time schedule is being maintained in spite of the two setbacks that occurred during the earlier development flying. Although it looks a conventional aircraft when seen in the air, it bristles with novel and ingenious ideas.

DR. A. E. RUSSELL has put an enormous amount of original thought into it. For instance, the wing structure has no holes or cut-outs in it at all. Most wings have holes and cut-outs to accommodate such things as the undercarriage when retracted, or fuel tanks. This wing is a perfect box and should therefore be enormously strong.

Similarly the fuselage is a tube without bulkheads. The consequence is that the interior of the aircraft can be a fine open chamber instead of a series of small cabins. Then the controls are not power-operated but are worked by aerodynamic means, the pilot operating servos which in turn operate the main surfaces. A particularly splendid aircraft, and it was a pity that it could not be present on all the days of the week.

My best recollection of this year's Farnborough, however, will be of the arrival of the de Havilland Comet 3 on the Saturday before the opening of the show. It circled the aerodrome in the sunlight, looking especially elegant with its much longer fuselage, and came in to a perfect landing. After it had taxied in opposite the control tower where I was, the door opened and down the steps came Sir Geoffrey de Havilland himself, then Lady de Havilland and then her daughter.

THE aircraft had been flown in by John Cunningham who, indeed, at that time was the only pilot with experience of it. There was something especially pleasing about seeing the head and founder of the company arriving at Farnborough in the latest Comet. Soon afterwards we had the Minister's statement about the accident inquiries.

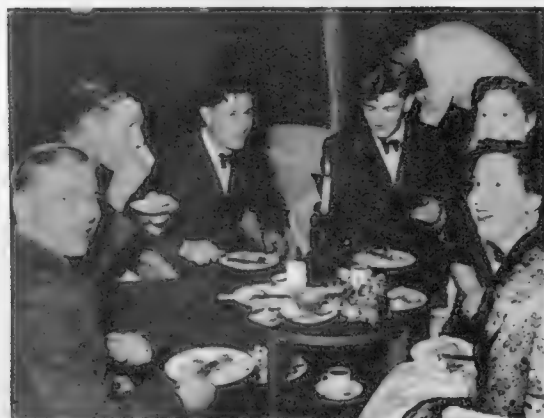
It would be silly to pretend that the statement was satisfactory. It leaves far too much unknown. But at the time it was, presumably, all that could be said. The full battery of information obtained by the Royal Aircraft Establishment cannot be unmasked until the public inquiry takes place in October.

There was another leading personality in the aircraft world early on the scene at Farnborough and that was Sir Frederick Handley Page. In the static exhibition he had arranged a fuselage of the new Handley Page Herald medium transport aircraft and he also had a number of exhibits relating to the merits of the famous crescent wing, as seen in the Victor bomber.

As for the general quality of the flying, there was this year more readiness on the part of the pilots to practise and perfect before the actual opening of the show.

At Farnborough just before the sixth, many pilots tried their manoeuvres and sought so to plan them as to pack into the allotted time the maximum of interest. It must be remembered that the pilots are kept strictly to a time limit and control tells off the minutes while they are actually in the air. They must be landed and out of the way by the precise moment arranged in the programme.

Certain interesting manoeuvres that were to have been shown were unavoidably held out of the display. There are now rigid rules about the direction in which an aircraft may face when it is at a given height and speed and various other restrictions which do not allow the kind of sensational flying we used to see in earlier displays.



The R.A.F. Summer Ball at Warton Air Station, near Preston, Lancashire

F/O. H. D. Furness, F/Lt. J. E. Scott,
P/O. G. W. Hutton, P/O. J. B. Dolman,
Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Furness

The commanding officer, G/Capt. H.
Stones (right), greeting S/Ldr. and
Mrs. Evershed on their arrival

F/Lt. S. A. G. Abbott, F/O. W. A. Wilkinson,
S/Ldr. K. J. Plested, A.F.C., Mrs. Plested
and Miss C. Whitehead



Perhaps the most cheering sight of the Show was the magnificent new Comet III., here appearing through the rain and low cloud of the opening day to soar over spectators' heads

AIR EXPERTS who came from all over the world to Farnborough for the S.B.A.C. Show, enjoyed, with the lay public, both brilliant flying and an insight into the techniques and research which are keeping Britain well to the forefront of aviation progress



Mrs. A. W. Reid and Mrs. T. J. Withington were waiting for the Hunter fighter to make its appearance



Sheltering under an umbrella from the heavy rain were Miss Margaret Line and Miss Valerie Garland



Mr. J. Hyde, of the Foreign Office, had taken three Turkish visitors, Mr. Burhan Belge, Mr. Faruk Gurtuncha and Mr. Sevkett Bilgin, to a good viewpoint for the flying display, which was under radar control

CRISP'S COLUMN

The "Juniors" Emerge

IN the middle of this twentieth century nobody ought to be able to complain about a lack of incident in their lives. The trouble is that we have been so buffeted by crises and pondering the impending pulverisation that we have all become punch-drunk to events and slightly dilly in our perspective, so that a war in the Far East is not half as exciting as the 5.30 broadcast of the football results every Saturday evening.

With this in mind I would say that the major events in our little sea-girt lives during the past week or two were the emergence of "junior" newspapers, the Radio Show at Earls Court, the annual resurgence of the pools season, and the meeting of the British Association.

Junior newspapers are a remarkable development in Fleet Street journalism, with a significance way beyond their apparent juvenile simplicity. This new infant, a product of the potent mating of competition and the Audit Bureau of Circulations, is not only an attempt to grab to-morrow's readers but to get a stranglehold on posterity as well. It is such a fecund idea and is sired by two such lusty protagonists that I can already see the rest of London's daily newspapers going into confinement (I can't wait to see *The Times'* offspring).

There have, of course, been quite a few bright remarks around the milk bars and coffee houses frequented by journalists during opening hours. Unkindest cut of all perhaps . . . "I hear the — is bringing out an adult edition next week."

My own verdict is that the two papers most concerned may defeat their own object by losing a large number of their regular readers in direct ratio to the increase in circulation of their "juniors." If you can work that one out.

As a comparative newcomer to T.V. I confess I reeled under its first impact. But I have now had time to recover sufficiently to realise that the more one sees of television the worse it becomes. In this country it is only a fraction of the way along the road of its full possibilities, which I would say lie chiefly in the direction of bringing into the homes of ordinary people the great living dramas of the day whether they be in sport, politics, tragedy, humour.

But they must be living . . . and unrehearsed and unpredictable. The televising of the McCarthy Commission in the United States is a first-rate example of this potential. The televising of T.V.'s own show at Earls Court was a first-rate example of its weaknesses and, alas, of the weaknesses of its staff.

WHY did T.V. cameras not look in on the meetings of the British Association at Oxford? It is wonderful material for both the eye and ear. To listen to somebody telling us that the south of Britain is sinking slowly and the north rising correspondingly, stirs up visions as dramatic as any hydrogen bomb. And could anything be more fascinating than to hear a fat scientist, or a thin one, expounding a treatise on "The Assessment of Obesity" and discovering that when anybody says "I am putting on weight" the experts don't really know what it is you are putting on. Most of us could tell them.





Clayton Evans

LADY SPEARS, wife of Major-Gen. Sir Edward Spears, Bt., K.B.E., C.B., M.C., has been writing novels for thirty years under the nom de plume of Mary Borden. Next week her new book, *Margin of Error* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is being published. Her last novel, *Martin Merridew*, was a best-seller of 1952.

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Family Found A Wreck

THE family holiday problem has been solved by the Criles, of Cleveland, Ohio, who take theirs not at but beneath the sea. *TREASURE DIVING HOLIDAYS*, by Jane and Barney Crile (Collins; 18s.), is a rousing chronicle-tonic for what has been, this summer, our own cold sands and overcast skies. The authors' zest for the underwater is shared by their children; as fine an aquatic brood (to judge by the photographs) as was ever raised.

Ann, Joan, Susie and George took, one by one, to the element like so many porpoises, and gained access to the mysteries of the deep.

"Too many people," the Criles remark, "think that all diving is complicated and involves long training. This is true if mechanical breathing apparatus is used, for there is no safety in an artificial air supply unless the diver is well-trained and constantly supervised. But there is an easy and safe way to start. All you need is a face plate and a pair of flippers. We do much of our diving with nothing but this simple equipment, our four children dive with us, and our vacations are family adventures."

DIVING—this book joyfully proves—makes for family solidarity. Equipment, other than that named, would seem to be non-chalance, good lungs (the authors practised holding their breaths under the surface in their baths), ability to grapple with outsize fish and a taste for waltzing under the sea—as young Joan and her friend Greg are to be seen doing on page 225.

High points in this story are, decidedly, the family's search for sunken treasure, the variety of the objects salvaged by them (from cannon to a Queen Anne teapot) and the fascinating tale of their tracking-down of the identity of the Looe Key wreck. In February, 1743, it transpired, H.M.S. *Looe* had been lost off the coast of Florida: Captain Utting's letter to the Admiralty, preserved in the Public Record Office, in London, told

how—rewarding the patient Criles for a succession of blind-alley inquiries. We share the excitement of chipping coral off objects richly wrought upon by a sea change—and, not less, the dismay when the silver bar proved, at a test, to be only iron. The Mediterranean yielded up an amphora.

BEFORE treasure-diving, with its excitement and sense of "story," gained hold forever upon this family, there had been explorations of the deep for its own sake: the take-off, for instance, from the Red Reef of Andros:—

We sank beneath the turbulence and the water washed our vision clear. We were in a golden dream.

The bottom was golden sand that reflected each dazzling ray of sunshine. The breakers bent the mirror of the surface into rolls of molten gold and then shattered them into golden discs and dust. . . . All the water was alive and dancing in showering bubbles of gold. . . . Growing on a thick stem from the yellow sand, a symmetrical flower of saffron-coloured coral towered six feet from the wave-swept bottom, its petals extended. . . .

The danger element, though not overstressed, was seldom lacking. The Criles, taking many chances themselves, are admirable non-worriers about their children—our anxious British mother upon the beach, fearful lest Freddie paddle an inch too far, might take a lesson. The family team battled with breakers, wrestled with octopi (which Mrs. Crile lets us know how to cook) and swam among sharks and barracudas. We behold seven-year-old Susie riding a seventy-year-old turtle, Joan diving through the coral-encrusted skeleton of a wreck, Ann plunging down to the coral of a Tortugas Reef—and, not least, their delightful mother trapped, way down on the ocean bed, in a tangle of cameras and air-lines. Well is this book sub-titled "The Adventures of a Family under the Sea."

We see, thanks not only to vivid writing but to photographs of fantastic beauty. The Criles have developed underwater photography as something more than a sideline—their experiments,

their reverses and the manner in which these were overcome should appeal to readers who use the camera. Also they introduce to us humans not less odd than are many fish—in remote ports, around the reefs and on islands they encountered fellow-adventurers, eccentrics and a succession of unspoiled natives. Their above-water lives, when on holiday, make good reading—there seems a special romance in the time spent in that forgotten fortress in the sea, Fort Jefferson.

Treasure Diving Holidays should be on the bookshelves in every home. Children (though envious) will love it—I can think of few better books for reading aloud. Mr. Crile, the part-author, is, when not in the ocean, a distinguished surgeon: see, on the inside fold of the jacket, Sir Arthur Porritt's biographical note.

★ ★ ★

THE KEY THAT RUSTS (Andre Deutsch; 10s. 6d.) well merits the Book Society's recommendation. Its author, Isobel English, should surely have been heard of before: one may be sure she will be heard of again. Is this accomplished novel really her first?—her publishers tell us nothing to the contrary. Her subject, a love-affair between a young girl and a middle-aged married man, may be found distasteful, but her manner of telling acts as a disinfectant—she is cool, clear, ironical and (*au fond*) pitiful.

Those who cannot tolerate cads, and especially cads who have it their own way, may find it hard to put up with the fat Sam, by turns uxorious and unfaithful. Sam keeps in play Edna, his fourth wife (already he is the father of seven children), and fair, fresh, over-confident Mary, whom he meets at his step-sister's evening party. Mary pays the price, Edna stays the course—that is, up to some way on in the story—and Sam, though he meets an unexpected set-back in the reception-parlour of an asylum, is up to the last page getting away with it.

Sandy, the step-sister of our hero, plays the part of onlooker and narrator. We see the trite yet tense little drama through her clear eyes; we are given her angle on what goes on: indeed, it is this woman's curious personality which imparts both tang and quality to the book. For Sandy's is a Mona Lisa smile—she does not gloat, she does not moralise: it is simply that she is *there*, and forever watches. She cannot but watch, for the lovers persistently seek her out, involving her in their many crises, keeping her up to date with their devious story. Should not Isobel, early on, have rescued her young friend Mary from Sam's clutches? Assuredly

Continued on page 528



MAJOR-GEN. H. WILLIAMS, C.B., C.B.E., Commandant of the College of Military Engineering at Kirkee, India. A portrait by George W. Leech, R.I., commissioned by the College



MASTERS OF THE PALETTE photographed by **BARON**

SIMON ELWES, R.P., is notable as one of our leading and most individual portrait-painters. His remarkable tenacity in overcoming a paralysis of the right arm and re-learning his profession is sometimes apt to overshadow in the public mind the merits of his strongly personal style which would bring him eminence in any age. He served in the Middle East during the late war with the 10th Royal Hussars. Among his recent portraits have been H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent (in this year's Royal Academy) and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. He is a pupil of Professor Tonks, of the Slade School

LONDON

CHOICE

FOR The TATLER'S Autumn Fashion Number (writes Mariel Deans) we give two Choice of the Week fashions—one for the town and one for the country. Opposite, we show our town choice—the classic black suit. Finely tailored, with black velvet collar and cuffs, this suit, from Debenham and Freebody, is made of the very best worsted barathea and should wear and wear without losing shape or gaining shine. At 25 gns., we feel that this is a really good buy. Debenham and Freebody also sell all the accessories, including the pretty little 8½ gns. hat of king-fisher blue velvet and the yellow rose, 18/6.



An amusing, new-shaped black calf handbag for 7½ gns. has a pseudo-tortoise-shell fastening. The immaculate white jersey gloves are 18/6



This fine, hand-embroidered lawn blouse from Italy is priced at 89/6







A "Sura-tees" country shoe in strong brown calf leather with a non-skid rubber sole, price £4 15s. 0d., and a pair of string-backed, suede-palmed gloves for 19s. 6d.

That good plain blouse one needs for slacks! A cream poplin material shirt as plain as a man's for £3 5s. 0d.

COUNTRY CHOICE

THE second of our Choice of the Week photographs has been picked with the countrywoman in mind. This gay scarlet wool jacket lined with jersey comes from Simpson's of Piccadilly, and costs £8 12s. 6d. A warm and comfortable coat to wear with slacks about the house or farm, it will also look exceedingly good teamed up with a narrow skirt and pull-on hat for more formal occasions. Simpson's sell the houndstooth check Daks Slinkies for £6 0s. 0d., as well as all the other accessories shown on these pages



DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

YEARS and years ago, when one needed coupons to buy clothes and went round eyeing one's friends' curtains and one's husband's disused dress clothes with acquisitive and rehabilitative zeal, I suddenly came to the point of planning myself a new wardrobe. I had it all worked out down to the last detail—colours, cut, silhouette firmly fixed in my mind's eye, with everything, for once, carefully picked to go with everything else.

It was, I felt, time for a change. Enough of austerity—it was the hour of revolution. After many years, I was going to have a lot of new clothes or know the reason why, and I felt fresh, enthusiastic, as one does on the verge of spring-cleaning, or a holiday, or moving house. I knew what I wanted and where I was going—it was a wonderful feeling, one that I had seldom felt and one that I had always envied in others.

The odd thing was that I was right. It was time for a change and a revolution; I, along with everybody else, was going to have a lot



of new clothes. The only trouble was that all our plans were timid and hide-bound compared with those of the genius who was at that moment to brighten our horizon. We had ideas—we had, perhaps, our ears to the ground. But ideas and ears were in vain.

JUST as I had bought my materials, worked out my colour schemes, planned my accessories, thought again, joyously, never, never will I snatch another suit off my husband's back to make into a bloused battle-dress for myself, M. Dior struck for the first time, and suddenly the New Look was in our midst.

Like most of the basically conventional minded, I grumbled and took my time to get used to the idea. I swore that never would I—not I—drag in my waist, pad my hips, leave my shoulders undisguisedly sloping, return to the slavery of femininity which, like the rest of my generation, I had never experienced. What, I asked myself and others not once but a thousand times, was the use of having good legs when M. Dior insisted on my covering them up with yards and yards of material? Why, when women had achieved the comfort of unfrilly, uncluttered, functional clothing, should we deliberately return to the slavery of the Victorian silhouette? And how on earth

[Continued on page 504]



Wetherall's Cashmere Doe-skin top coat, with its gently sloping shoulders and big comfortable collar, can be worn belted or loose as we show it here. Incredibly warm and very light, it is made of reversible material and comes in a number of colours

Graceful Lines

MISS MARIE LÖHR, who is at present appearing in "The Manor Of Northstead" at the Duchess Theatre, and who has been delighting generations of London playgoers with her charm and good looks ever since she first appeared in "Shock-headed Peter" at the Garrick in 1901, has kindly consented to pose for The TATLER in some clothes which we have picked because their simple and graceful lines and the flattery of their cut make them particularly adapted to the needs of the older woman

—MARIEL DEANS



Here is Miss Löhr wearing a coat and hat from Fortnum & Mason. The coat, designed on loose, straight lines, is made of a soft grey material that is a mixture of tweed and mohair. The light selvaige of the material is used to outline the collar and pocket flaps

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

could any modern woman be expected to drive a car in a crinoline?

BUT, of course, as time went on we all got used to it. Friend after friend swathed her elegant calves in frothy skirts, let her shoulders slip sideways and down. Little by little I conformed. I began to tell myself and my friends that it was nice to look picturesque instead of clean-cut and healthy, that it was satisfactorily, if quaintly, romantic to pick up one's skirts to go upstairs. The New Look was *pretty*, after all, we all told ourselves, not like that *ghastly* fashion in the twenties when people got rid of their hips by pretending they were



waistlines. Now *that* really was an eyesore to which no one in their senses could ever return—not like the New Look. . . .

Time passed. I played happily with variations on the New Look, like everybody else, until the New Look became old and comfortable, as if its basic principles had been with us for centuries and would always be with us. I got so used to it, at last, that I went so far as to plan ahead, to know what I wanted and where I was going, to work things out in advance, just as if I were on the verge of spring-cleaning, or a holiday, or moving house. When, of course, M. Dior struck again. Revolutionary, disastrously new, the flat H-look strikes terror as terror once struck before. Carefully cultivated curves—waistline—swirling skirt—that gorgeous air of femininity to which my generation with such joy got used—now it must all go.

FOR the past few weeks I have been disconsolate and rebellious. Never squared shoulders again—never, surely, the flattened bosom and the unnoticeable waist—and never, *never* that belt round the hips that our mothers wore so gay and untrammelled in the twenties! Yet gradually, looking at the thing wins me over. Perhaps it's not all that flat, really—perhaps the long-waisted look has its advantages—perhaps those tunics and belted hips and right-angle shoulders are a bit of a change. Well, so long as we don't actually return to visible knock-knees and pudding-basin hats, to limpet coils of hair wound round our ears, to yards of fringe across our stomachs. . . . Such change should really be a tonic—I am getting wildly enthusiastic about it already.

Enthusiastic? Well, resigned. And waiting without eagerness, but with expectation, for some enterprising manufacturer to invent some way of treating nylon stockings so that they look as pink and shiny as, memory tells me, rayon did in the now sacred, enviable twenties.

—Diana Gillon



... Graceful Lines

On the opposite page. Marshall and Snelgrove's beautiful black velvet evening dress is embroidered with a great silver spray across the front worked in tinsel thread and sequins and mother-of-pearl shell

Below. A wonderful, softly draping, nylon-velvet peignoir from Harrods is the lightest, most crease-resisting wrap imaginable. Miss Löhner wears it here over a pleated nylon nightgown, also from Harrods



John Cole

CLOTHES ON A SHOE-STRING

WE show here four outfits chosen for that vast majority of women who have seriously to worry about the price of their clothes. Often nowadays the person who is hardest up is the young married woman with a home to run, a husband with more prospects than pennies and perhaps one or two children, but the girl just embarking on a business career has her problems as well

—MARIEL DEANS



SHE RUNS A HOME, wearing a pretty Lovat mixture wool-mélange house frock. It has rounded shoulders, high-placed breast pockets to help that long-waisted look, and a tan-leather edged belt. It comes from Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, and costs 5 gns.



Dyed Musquash at its Best

- * An individually designed collection of Models in the newest of 1954/1955 colours.
- * Available in all sizes from the smallest to the largest.
- * Made from fine quality North American skins to give maximum durability and lasting beauty.
- * The "medium price" Fur of the 1954/55 season—a specialist Production offered exclusively by Britain's leading firm of **Specialist Furriers**.

Dyed Musquash Coats
(top) from £125

Dyed Flank Musquash Coats
(right) from £95

*Illustrated Catalogue gladly
sent on request*

National Fur Company LTD.

Specialists in Fine Furs since 1878

193-195 BROMPTON RD.,
LONDON S.W.3



Also at BIRMINGHAM • CARDIFF • CARMARTHEN • EXETER • LEICESTER • NEWPORT • SWANSEA

Continuing—

... ON A SHOE-STRING



SHE RUNS A FARM, wearing Jaeger's magnificent scarlet wool sweater, thick, heavy and rather Italian looking, with their check tweed trousers. The sweater costs 4 gns. and the trousers 5 gns.; both are the sort that last a life-time



Beautiful

ballito

NYLON
STOCKINGS



A CASHMERE-WOOL
by
Ballantyne
OF PEEBLES



Exclusive to

**HARVEY
NICHOLS**

Grey, bottle, black, crimson, navy, tobacco

SIZES : 34", 36", 38", 40" PRICE : **£5.15.6**

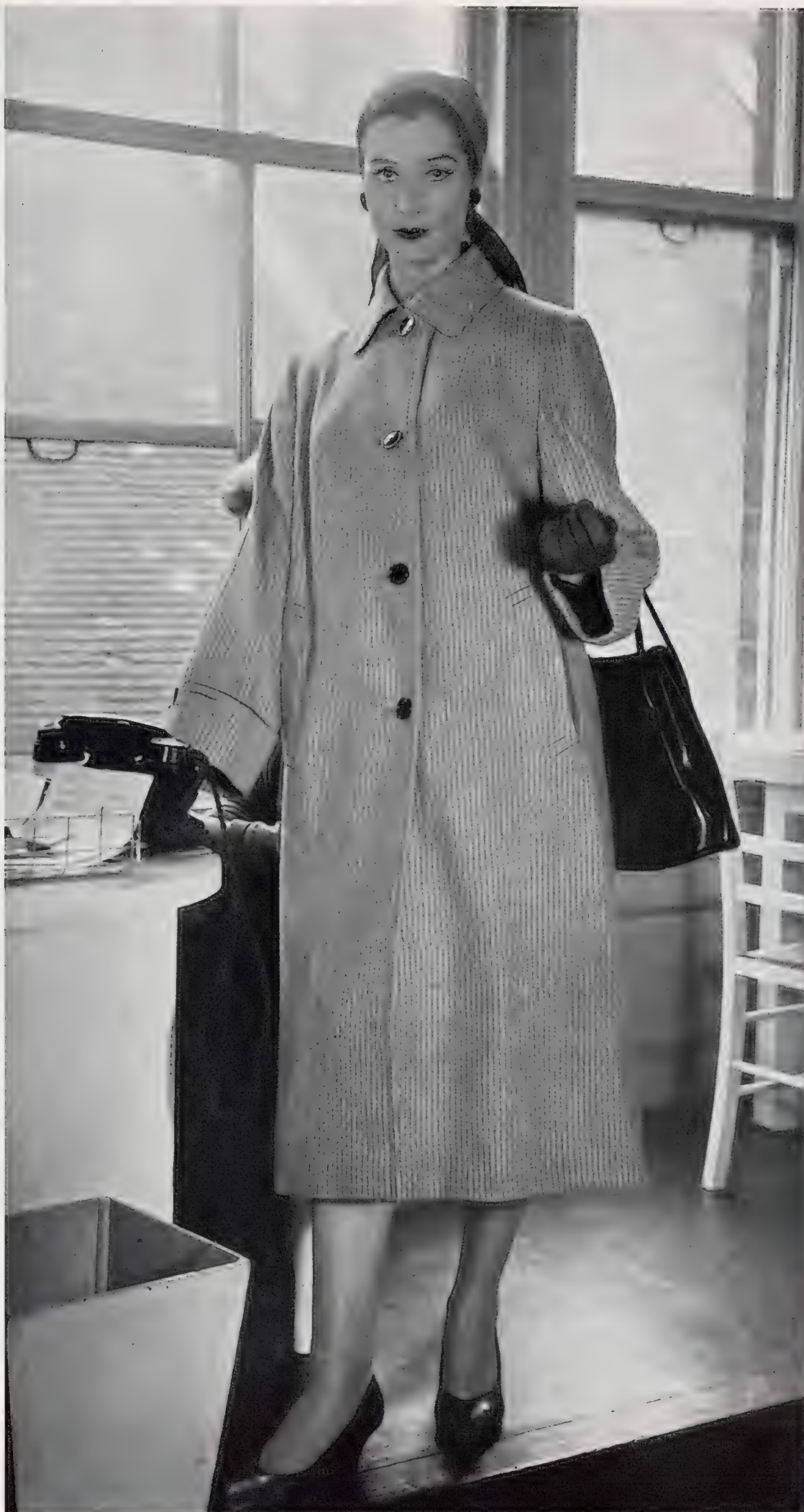
KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BOURNEMOUTH

Continuing—

... ON A SHOE-STRING



SHE APPLIES FOR A JOB, wearing this classically plain, beautiful model coat from Aquascutum. Called Kentucky, it is made of a West-of-England proofed wool, beige colour with a fine black stripe, that is exclusive to this form. It costs 13 gns.

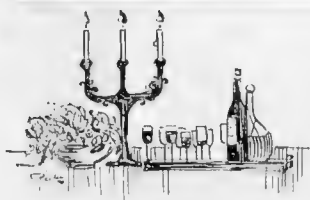


Continuing—

... ON A SHOE-STRING



SHE GIVES A PARTY, wearing this gay, vivid cerise-pink lace frock mounted over a poulx foundation. With its very full pleated lace skirt this is a very graceful dress to dance in. It comes from Fenwicks of Bond Street and costs 10 gns. Fenwicks also sell the pearl beads she is wearing, ropes of pink and ropes of bronze at 16s. 11d., and bronze ear-rings at 8s. 11d.



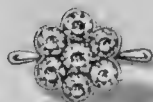


BY APPOINTMENT SILVERSMITHS

TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI



Diamond
£180 . 0 . 0



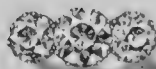
Diamond
£175 . 0 . 0



Diamond
£487 . 10 . 0



Diamond
£700 . 0 . 0



Diamond
£675 . 0 . 0

Finer Rings at '112'

The selection of Rings always to be seen at '112' expresses the high degree of skill and artistry employed by Garrard in the creation of all their fine jewellery.

Whatever the purpose—an engagement, an anniversary, or just "a gift"—there are rings to convey every gesture of goodwill with charm and elegance. May we send you, post free, a copy of our illustrated list of rings?

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly
THE GOLDSMITHS &
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W.1 TELEPHONE • REGENT 3021



A romantic taffeta cocktail dress to complete your Autumn wardrobe . . the line is simple, unbroken but for the velvet ribbon which encircles the bodice and fastens in a bow at the back.

Red, gunmetal, black. Hips 36-40 in. £6.16.6

(Postage and packing 2/6)

* **Post orders** receive the careful attention of our Postal Shopping Adviser.





No time to change? Don't worry. Just slip this lovely velvet cape, edged with pearls, over your shoulders, and the plain black frock will immediately achieve a party air. Price £5 7s., from Woollands

SHOPPING

By Night- or Day

BEAUTY and elegance for all occasions can be achieved with these attractive accessories, chosen to go with day and evening dresses. They have only just lately arrived in the shops

— JEAN CLELAND



Grand effect at a modest price. "Tzarina" jewellery, copying Russian settings. Necklet with pendant drop, 31s. 9d., bracelet 45s. 9d., ear-rings 19s. 11d. Bourne and Hollingsworth



"Tzarina" brooches. The one on the left with three drops costs 27s. 6d., and the large one on the right 28s. 11d. Two more examples from Bourne and Hollingsworth's display



For an "enchanted evening," this white and gold brocade bag at 49s. 6d., and the diaphanous gold spotted chiffon stole, 29s. 6d., are truly indispensable accessories. They come from Fenwick's



Quite new is this show jumping square. If you want to be sure of the rules make a point of wearing it. You can then be both smart, well-informed and informative. It costs 50s. from Harrods

Dennis Smith

IN TOWN TODAY

FINE weather was "flown" over to us in England recently by M. Jean Prodhon, who arrived for a party at the Dorchester on what turned out to be a warm and halcyon evening after days of pouring rain. The party was given on the roof terrace adjoining the Penthouse Suite at the top of the hotel, with London stretched out below like a city seen from a plane.

Monsieur Prodhon, who is a Paris director of the famous Carven perfumes, told me that in forty-six days he had flown around to forty-six states in America, that he had arrived in London an hour before the party, and was flying back to Cannes that night. Phew!

★ ★ ★

I TOOK an iced drink from a passing waiter, and inhaled the delicious scent of "Robe d'un Soir" with which I had been sprayed on arrival, and which added a spice of "gala" to the scene. Others of my press friends were wearing another famous Carven scent "Ma Griffé," which is more of a daytime perfume, especially suitable for the smart woman who enjoys the social round of sporting gatherings.

Carven Cups have been presented at many international show jumping events, and in October the first "Coupe Carven" will be presented in this country at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay. With it will go an outsize bottle of "Ma Griffé" for the winner.

"Robe d'un Soir" and "Ma Griffé" are on sale over here, and are worth bearing in mind for Xmas gifts.

★ ★ ★

SMART headwear for the autumn is the beret, which from now on will be seen in a bewildering variety of designs. Some that have greatly taken my fancy are Italian hand-crocheted ones in black and many lovely colours. What pleased me most was the price of 18s. 11d. You can get them from Fenwick's.

At the same shop I saw something which would look charming for young girls. This was a collection of velvet "Alice" headbands in various shapes (straight or scalloped) in all colours, 8s. 11d. To go with them were some matching velvet belts, also 8s. 11d. Wider belts, studded with jet beads, can be had for 12s. 11d. and 14s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

TO find some small gift that is "different" to give to a child, is no easy matter. I was delighted, therefore, to come across two little novelties which I felt sure would be received with whoops of joy. One is a "Bubbles Apron" fitted with soap and pipe all ready to hand, for the child whose idea of bliss is to be "forever blowing bubbles." Price 5s. 11d.

The other novelty is a "Washday Apron," with clothes line and pegs, bringing back memories of the days when to have a doll's wash and peg the clothes out to dry was a favourite pastime. (How one's ideas change as one grows older!) This little apron complete costs 6s. 9d. They are both made by Kleinerts and can be had from most good stores.

BEAUTY

NEW NEWS

• JEAN CLELAND •

THERE are times when one wonders whether the scientists and experts concerned with the creating of new preparations and ideas in the realm of beauty culture, ever go to sleep. Each year the pace increases, and from day to day fresh ideas spring up as thick and fast as buttercups in a spring meadow. Keeping in touch with them all is rather like looking through a kaleidoscope. The colours and the patterns are forever changing, and what seemed to be the very latest thing yesterday is superseded by something even more up to date today

FOR instance, there is the question of the various preparations designed for keeping the hair in place once it has been set. There are various makes, and those which I have tested are all effective. There are people, however, with hair of the brittle type, who find some of them inclined to be drying. To obviate this, Max Factor has brought out a mist-fine spray called "Top Secret," which, he says, cannot dry the hair. The reason for this is that it contains a special lanoline formula, which not only "holds" the hair for many hours, but beautifies it and improves its texture.

The mist is controlled by a finger-tip touch on the press button action of the new Aerosol pack. You can use just as much as is needed, and put it directly where you want it. "Top Secret" makes the hair neither sticky nor stiff, and at night after a light brushing it disappears and leaves a soft and silky sheen.

The benefits of egg for the hair have long been recognized, and some little time ago I wrote that I had heard of it being used again in one of the hairdressing salons.

Now it can be had for use at home in the form of an enriched Creme Shampoo with Egg, made by Richard Hudnut, who answers some of the questions as to why egg is good for the hair. He gives pride of place to the egg albumen, which ensures deep penetration to the roots. There are also the oils which in natural form lubricate the scalp. Proteins and vitamins, too, make for reconditioning, and the mildly astringent properties (contained in the white) for extra cleansing and glossy finish. The new shampoo is available in sachets price 9d., and in a large size bottle at 3s. 9d.

IN readiness for the parties and festivities ahead, Helena Rubinstein has brought out a new scent called "Noa Noa," which is Tahitian for "very fragrant." It is refreshing yet sophisticated and could be used equally well for day and evening. If you are in search of something a little different and *quite new*, I suggest that you try it.

During the week I dropped in to Antoine's to see the new hair "cut" created by Alexis called "Follow Through." In this, the hair is cleverly cut in a way that makes it possible to dress it quickly and easily in different styles, according to your mood and your fancy. You can make a change with no difficulty, and best of all, it is easy to keep in place at home.

I have been trying out the new Handmilk which, produced by Steiner of Grosvenor Street, has just come on to the market. Packed in an easy-squeeze plastic bottle, this is rich and creamy, and very soothing to the skin. It contains vitamin A and other beneficial ingredients which, highly nourishing and softening, leave the hands beautifully smooth.

HAIR stylist Alan Spiers introduces a new "cream tinting" treatment, which gives an almost unlimited choice of colour. It can be used in shining streaks to contrast with the hair's own colour, or to infuse colour glints into natural tones. This cream-tinting will, I think, be especially welcome to those with "off-white" hair, or the slow greying variety which, often called "pepper and salt," can look very dull and unattractive.

For these shades there are lovely delicate "Snow Blues" and a "Lavender Frost" with just a hint of violet, which seems to give a soft radiance to the skin. "Gun-metal Ash" is effective for darkening white hairs, or for any part of the hair which is discoloured. Skilfully applied, this tint makes the whole head



blend in a way which is extremely becoming.

Yardley's have announced a welcome addition to their range of famous bath luxuries in a Lavender Bath Oil, which has the same refreshing fragrance as the lovely Yardley Lavender. This bath oil has several outstanding features which will, I think, make it appeal to you as much as it does to me. It is not drying; on the contrary, it leaves the skin feeling beautifully soft. Just a few drops are sufficient to scent the water, and to turn it a fascinating Mediterranean blue. Moreover—and herein lies, *not* the rub, for there will be no need of it, the Lavender Bath Oil leaves no ring round the bath, and if that isn't a boon, I don't know what is.

LASTLY, Coty's have given an entirely new and very charming presentation to their much-loved perfume "L'Origan," which should make it even more popular than it was before. The scent and the whole range of matching toilet luxuries have all been re-dressed in gold with a gold leaf motif.



"L'ORIGAN," luxurious and refreshing, with others of the Coty range of beauty preparations



THE "FOLLOW THROUGH" cut as designed and executed by Alexis of Antoine's

I n c o m p a r a b l e



DIAMONDS

AN ENGAGEMENT
RING OF WORLD-FAMED
MAPPIN QUALITY



EMERALDS

An Engagement Ring is one of Life's most important purchases. Choose it with care, for nothing can ever take its place. There is great pleasure in choosing, from Mappin & Webb's exclusive collection, a ring that need not be costly but whose quality is unmistakable.



SAPPHIRES

May we send our booklet
"Rings of Mappin Quality"?

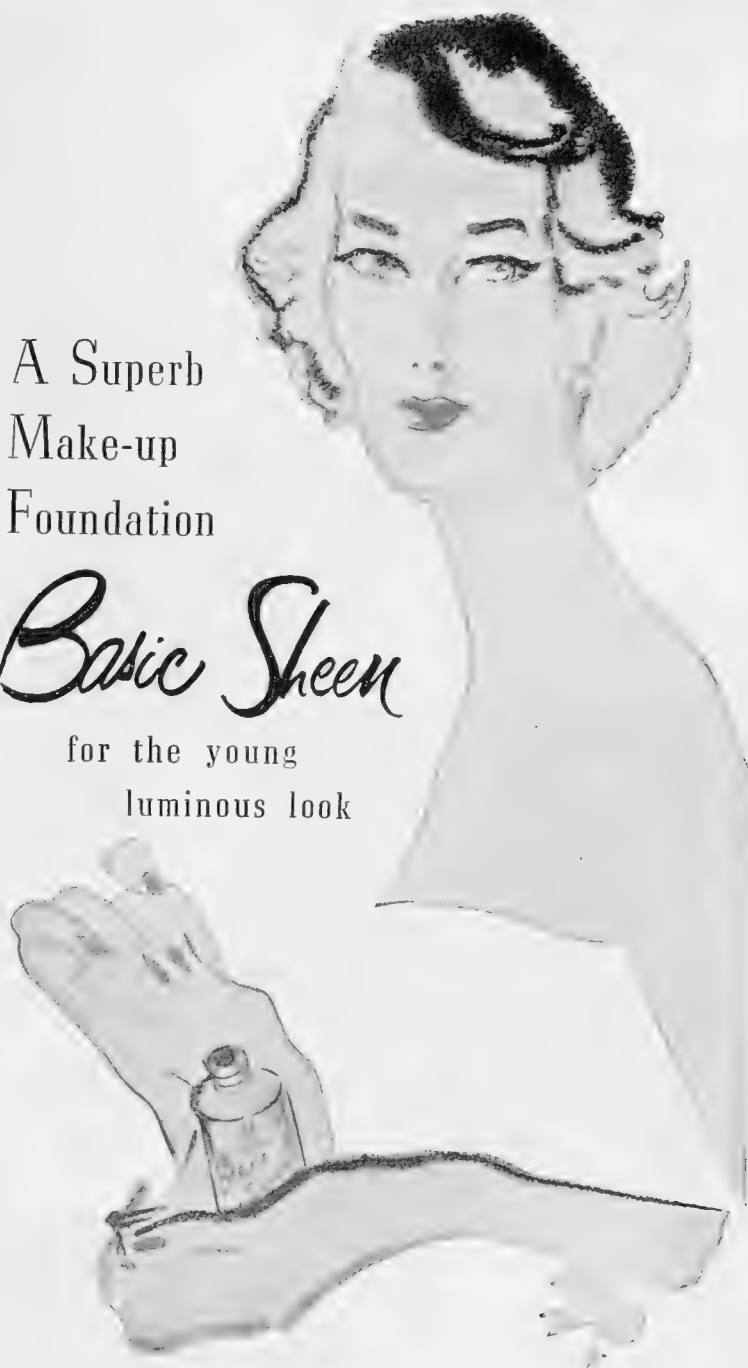
**MAPPIN
AND WEBB LTD**

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1
2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4
172 REGENT STREET, W.1.
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK STREET

A Superb
Make-up
Foundation

Basic Sheen

for the young
luminous look



Elizabeth Arden's new flowing cream foundation
gives your skin instantly the lustrous, dew-pearled
sheen that is pure enchantment! Use it under your
powder—you need so little for a glowing, young look.



In eight radiant shades 22/6
NATURELLE SHADE-IN-BETWEEN
RACHEL LIGHT ROSETTA
ROSE RACHEL MEDIUM ROSETTA
DARK ROSE RACHEL DARK ROSETTA

Basic Sheen with Hormones
(for maturing thirties) 27/-

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1



Miss Jean Rosemary Frazier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Frazier, of Moseley, Birmingham, is engaged to Dr. George Morgan Hughes, Magdalene College, Cambridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hughes, of Liverpool



Miss Sarah Bettine Deverell, daughter of Major J. L. Deverell, late R.A., and Mrs. Deverell, of Trebetherick, Cornwall, and Natal, is to marry Mr. Henry C. Pownall, son of Mr. J. C. G. Pownall, C.B., and Mrs. Pownall, of Littlehill, Pulborough, Sussex



Miss Catherine Cornelis Tilney, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. R. Tilney, of Sutton Bonnington, Notts, is engaged to Mr. Robin H. Murray-Philipson, son of the late Mr. H. R. Murray-Philipson, M.P., and of Mrs. Pen Lloyd, of Blaston, Market Harborough



Miss Valerie Joy Campion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Campion, of Harewood Downs House, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, is engaged to Mr. Frank D. Wellings, of British West Africa, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wellings, of Orchard Bough, Harewood Rd., Chalfont St. Giles

The TATLER'S Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Janice Gent, daughter of the late Sir Edward Gent, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and Lady Gent, of Drayton Court, S.W.10, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter S. W. Bradshaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bradshaw, of Liloneve, Nyasaland



The Hon. Sara Long, daughter of the late Viscount Long and of the Countess of Dudley, of Buckingham Place, S.W.1, is to marry Mr. Charles A. Morrison, son of Major John Morrison, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, of Eaton Place, S.W.1



Miss Susan Mary Strachan, daughter of Mr. J. H. Strachan, of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, and Mrs. A. W. H. Grant, of Carron, Morayshire, is engaged to Mr. Peter F. Gardiner-Hill, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Gardiner-Hill, of Basil St., S.W.3



Miss Moira Elisabeth Frances Salmon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Salmon, of Orchard Court, Portman Sq., W.1, is to marry Mr. Jonathan P. Charkham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Charkham, of Brunswick Gardens, Kensington, W.8

FOR THOSE WHOSE TASTE DEMANDS THE FINEST



The woman of elegance looks for distinctiveness in her adornment. With the same care that she devoted to her clothes and jewellery, she selects a watch to reflect her personality, her individual charm. Each Omega model has its own inimitable personality, its own matchless grace. Look, for example, at the exquisite 18-carat gold watches illustrated below.

Note the classic design of the bracelet which is also in rich 18-carat gold. These models are typical of that perfection of craftsmanship and styling which is the hallmark of every Omega. No wonder people of discernment select Omega.

*Model 830/C in 18-carat gold
with silk cord: £53. 0. 0.*

*Model 850/B in 18-carat gold
with gold bracelet: £87. 15. 0.*



OMEGA

The watch the world has learned to trust

Some day you will own one

Social Celebrities . . .



Social success may be a matter of poise but successful nylons are a matter of gauge. That's worth remembering. Vayle nylons are elegant and enduring because the gauge of the knit is always so carefully balanced with the denier or fineness of the thread. The sheers for morn to midnight

are Vayle 60 gauge, 15 denier. Sheerer still, Vayle 66 gauge, 12 denier. And very soon—the sheerest miracles of strength, Vayle 75 gauge, 12 denier. For country life and the daily round, choose Vayle 51 gauge, 30 denier. All fully fashioned, and in such subtle, fashion conscious shades.

Vayle fully fashioned Scottish nylons

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



MOIRA—FENWICKE-CLENNELL

At St. Mary's Church, Ponteland, Northumberland, Mr. Christopher G. Moira, of Cleveland Place, King Street, S.W.1, son of Professor and Mrs. G. E. Moira, married Miss Helen E. Fenwicke-Clelland, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwicke-Clelland, of Eland Hall, Ponteland



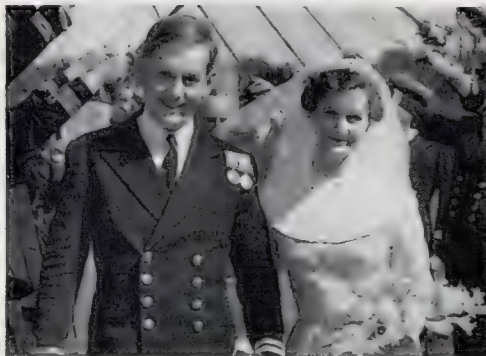
HENNESSY—HAVERSON

Mr. Geoffrey Noel Hennessy, youngest son of Sir Patrick Hennessy, of Larkmead, Theydon Bois, Essex, and the late Lady Hennessy, was married to Miss Julie Marian Haverson, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Haverson, of Coombe Rise, Shenfield, at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Shenfield



STAVELEY—SHUTER

At Ufford, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Lt. William D. M. Staveley, R.N., son of the late Admiral C. M. Staveley, C.B., C.M.G., and of Mrs. Staveley, of Sherborne, Dorset, married Miss Bettina K. Shuter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. A. Shuter, of Ufford



RYCROFT—WAINWRIGHT

Lt. Julian M. W. Rycroft, R.N., son of the late Col. D. H. Rycroft, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Durrant, of Rotorua, N.Z., married Miss Jennifer M. Wainwright, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. G. Wainwright, of Chipstead, Surrey, at St. Margaret's Church, Chipstead



FERRAND—BUBB

At Cirencester Parish Church, Mr. Roger W. Ferrand, son of Lt.-Col. S. H. Ferrand, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Ferrand, of Thorney Hall, Leyburn, Yorks, married Miss Joycelyn K. Bubb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. L. Bubb, of Stralton Park, Cirencester



EVANS—HANDS

Capt. John Barclay Evans, The Royal Dragoons, son of Col. C. B. Evans, D.L., and Mrs. Evans, Presteigne, Radnor, was married to Second Officer Elizabeth A. A. Hands, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hands, of Bosham, Sussex, at Holy Trinity Church, Bosham



CANTAN—PARKES

At St. Mary's Church, Ilminster, Lt. Peter H. Cantan, The D.C.L.I., son of Col. H. Cantan, of Tullow, Co. Carlow, and the late Mrs. Cantan, married Miss Sonia P. Parkes, daughter of Major T. G. Parkes, M.C., and Mrs. Parkes, of Ilminster, Som

"you can always tell a
wetherall"

THROUGH THE YEARS MORE AND MORE OF THE WORLD'S QUALITY CONSCIOUS WOMEN HAVE TURNED TO WETHERALL IN THEIR SEARCH FOR SPORTSCLOTHES SATISFACTION THE FACT THAT TODAY MORE WOMEN (IN THE COUNTY STANDS AND AT EVENTS WHERE SMART WOMEN MEET) ARE WEARING WETHERALL IS PROOF THAT IT IS PERFORMANCE AS WELL AS REPUTATION THAT HAS GIVEN WETHERALL THEIR

"wetheralleadership"

"created for



reader"

see the gay **wetherall*** thoroughbred detachable collared

TRADE MARK
"FOURway" **suit** ^{about} **30** gns

and matching handtailored saddlestitched **wetherall** fourwaycoats

created in breathlessly smart brilliant **new** british

thoroughbred
"RACINplaid"

woven to our own design for racin', huntin', shootin' and luxury travel

fourway cleverchange worn tie or buckle belted . half or unbelted

TRADE MARK
"FOURway" **coat** ^{about} **30** gns

ST new fabrics
new fittings
new styles

see the new **1ST EDITION** MODELS produced in the wetherall studio for world distribution. These models are not repeatable during the current period after first edition has been exhausted. At end of term should any model be considered suitable by the wetherall style committee it will be included in the famous wetherall PERMANENT COLLECTION cleverchange clothes that neverdate
★ WETHERALL the british creator of the FAMOUS PERMANENT COLLECTION (clothes that neverdate) the only permanent collection of cleverchange style masterpieces in the world royal patent designed 554368 628232.

from the **permanent collection** of cleverchange clothes that neverdate

AS WE CANNOT SHOW YOU HERE THE HEAVENLY QUALITY AND NEW DESIGNS OUR STUDIO IS CREATING DAILY, SEND FOR PATTERNS



"hurworth"



"st leger"



"newmarket"



"chester"



"york"



"aintree"

WETHERALL



bond street sportsclothes

ROYAL DIPLOMA STUDIO CO-ORDINATING OUTFIT—FROCK in new luxury TIECIL about 10½ gns. HAT about 1½ gns. BLOUSE about 1½ gns. SCARF 10/6. New ADJUSTABLE RACE-STICK about 1½ gns. DERBY/GRAND NATIONAL SCARF about 4 gns. HORSE-HEAD CLIP 10/6.

THE WETHERALL HOUSE • BOND STREET • LONDON • W.1 • TEL REG 5318

A matter of quality and taste



WORCESTER TEAPOT Dr. Wall Period (1751-1783)

“What a lovely teapot, Betty!”

“It’s genuine old Worcester, been in the family for ages. My dear, you are honoured—I use it only on very special occasions.”

“It must be difficult to find a tea to live up to such a treasure.”

“Wait till you taste this tea. We ran out of our usual blend and cook insisted we try this. ‘Choicest’, it’s called, and that accurately describes it. Blended by Brooke Bond. And, after all, if Brooke Bond can’t blend a fine tea, who can? . . . And no need now for me to send a special order to Town for tea.

I can get ‘Choicest’ from my local grocer.”



Brooke Bond recommend their ‘Choicest’ tea to all who enjoy and appreciate a fine blend.
*Freshly delivered weekly to grocers everywhere.
 Put it on your weekly shopping order.*





THE LUPTON TOWER, a noted Eton landmark, carries its four centuries with combined robustness and grace. On the right is the statue of the College's founder, King Henry VI

D. R. Stuart

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Resounding Fame Of Eton

So many books have been written on the fascinating story of Eton, the most famous of all public schools, that it is only necessary here to outline briefly its foundation, the creation of King Henry VI. Brought up in an atmosphere of religion and learning in an age of great activity in education, the young King issued his Charter of Foundation for the College on October 11, 1440.

Some half-century before the foundation of Eton, William of Wykeham had founded Winchester College, and Old Wykehamists dominated Church and State in the early years of Henry VI's reign. One of them, Henry Chicheley, was Archbishop of Canterbury, and another, Thomas Bekynton, became secretary to the King. It was such men as these who influenced Henry to found "the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor,"

the official title of Eton College today. The debt Eton owes to Winchester is further shown by the fact that three of Eton's earliest Provosts and many of the earliest Head Masters were Old Wykehamists. Moreover some five or seven boys came from Winchester to start the school on the right lines.

Of the many ancient buildings, the College Chapel is a superb specimen of Perpendicular architecture. Henry VI intended it to be more than double its present length but the Wars of the Roses intervened before it was completed and the chapel had to remain its present size, a magnificent fragment, with remarkable wall paintings of the year 1479 depicting various miracles attributed to the Virgin Mary. On the opposite side to the chapel is Lower School which has been in continuous use for some five hundred years, and nearby is Lupton's Tower, built in the early

part of the reign of Henry VIII, a fine example of Tudor architecture.

The Cloisters beyond the School Yard contain the Library built in 1729, where are gathered the chief treasures of the College. The Cloisters, too, are interesting, not only in themselves, but also for the railings of Sussex ironwork of the eighteenth century and for the College Pump—there must be few Etonians who have not at some time or other drunk of its refreshing water.

Sport and traditions play an important part in the school life at Eton. The famous Wall Game, the origin of which is somewhat obscure, takes place on St. Andrew's Day between Collegers and Oppidans. Played on a narrow strip of ground, the goals are marked by a door in the wall at the southern end and the branch of a tree on the opposite side. It is a rare event for a goal to be scored in the annual struggle. Eton continues to adhere to its own time-honoured rules and the "Field Game" is another form of football peculiar to the College. It is from the public schools that the Association game originated, and in the halcyon days of amateur football the Old Etonians twice had the distinction of winning the F.A. Cup.

In this brief survey one cannot trace the progress of Eton cricket since the first recorded schools match between the College and Westminster took place on Hounslow Heath in 1796.

It was in 1805 that the first Eton v. Harrow match was played at Lord's and twenty-one years later Winchester was met. In the early years Eton was greatly handicapped by lack of suitable playing fields, but the addition of "Agar's Plough" some fifty years ago has made all the difference to Eton cricket.

FROM the days of the Lytteltons, that great brotherhood of cricketers of whom seven played in the eleven, many Etonians have reached the highest rank. Since the turn of the century Lord Tennyson, R. T. Stanyforth, G. O. Allen and F. G. Mann have captained England.

Two other sports remain to be mentioned, Eton Fives, now played at most public schools, and perhaps the most important of all, rowing. It is to Eton that the Universities look for the pick of their oarsmen in the greatest of all amateur contests—the Boat Race.

Uppingham will appear in the September 29 issue.



David Macindoe, ex-Oxford cricket captain, who runs Eton's game, talking to N. A. J. Winter, the 1954 captain

... it's a *Susan Small* world!



Evening Dress and Naval Boat Cloak by Susan Small

76, Wells St., W.1



THE SURREY SCENE met with great approval from Veronica Waller, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. F. Waller, recently returned from Egypt and now living at Church Hill Cottage, Church Hill, Camberley



FLAIR FOR NATURE STUDY is shown by Judith Anne Harris, 17-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harris, of Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which we are confident will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



AN AFRICAN BREEZE ruffles the hair of Sarah Cranage-Thorne, eight-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cranage-Thorne, of Vom, Northern Nigeria



THE HON. JOHN MACKENZIE, six-year-old son of Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, is here in the grounds of his parents' country residence, Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, Scotland. He is the grandson of the Countess of Cromartie

Lady in Black

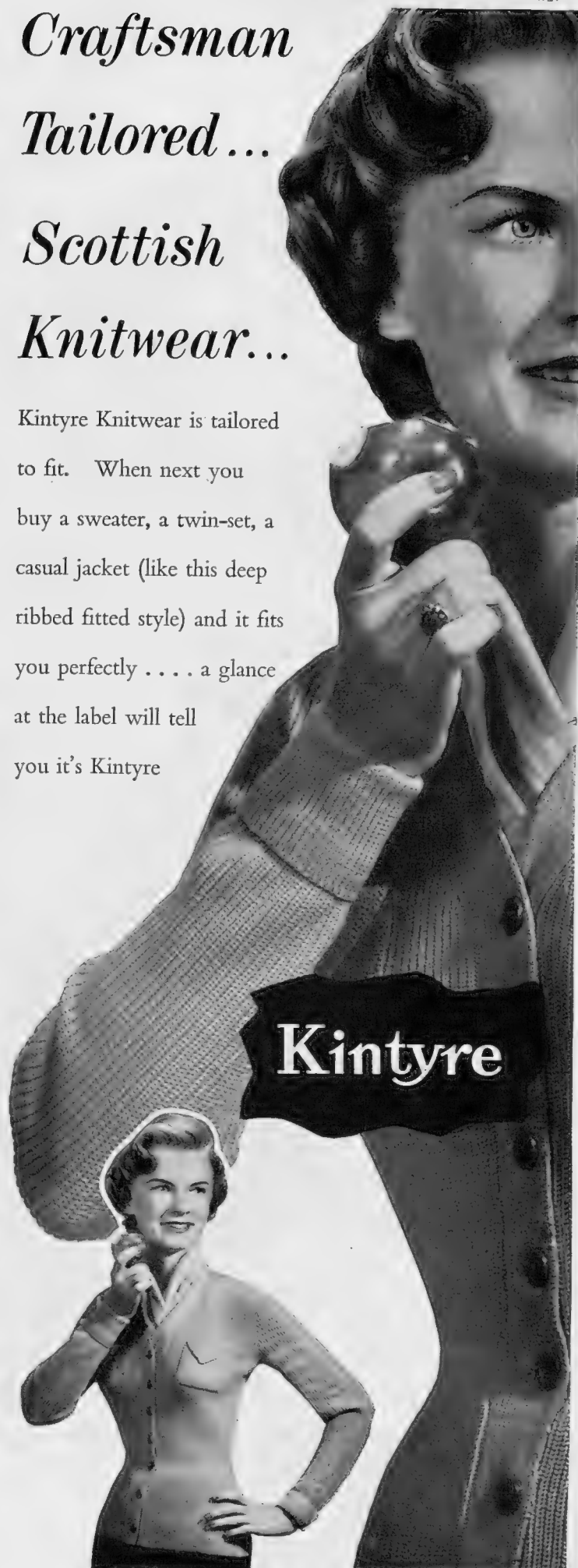
*Velvet trimming completes
this enchanting faille cocktail
dress and bolero.*

from leading
stores and fashion
houses at
about 16 gns.



Craftsman Tailored... Scottish Knitwear...

Kintyre Knitwear is tailored
to fit. When next you
buy a sweater, a twin-set, a
casual jacket (like this deep
ribbed fitted style) and it fits
you perfectly . . . a glance
at the label will tell
you it's Kintyre



Kintyre

Ask for M.C.1840

Made in Scotland by
McCALLUM & CRAIGIE LIMITED, GLASGOW
London Offices: Roxburghe House, 287, Regent Street, London, W.1

Please write to Lady in Black Fashions Ltd., 24/26 Maddox St., W.1
for name of your nearest stockist

When the meal's an occasion...



Make
friends
with
Martell

CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy



Book Reviews [Continuing from page 496]

BAD FAIRY AT WORK IN CONNEMARA

but she does not do so—she appears to be under some strange, fatalistic spell. What *will* happen, must happen, is her philosophy. Through her eyes we witness Mary's collapse—or escape?—into that pathological, deathlike sleep.

"Nothing is ever finished, you know, that has ever been begun—our emotions are radio-active," observes Ferdy, who, as Sandy's friend, supplies a cool-blooded commentary on the situation. A towering feeling of tragedy, an overall sense of humanity does emerge: it is this which gives dignity to *The Key That Rusts*. The scene is London (Bayswater, Notting Hill Gate) and a claustrophobic Somerset weekend cottage. There is wonderful character-drawing—not least Aunt Mag and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz. This wealthy, peculiar couple, Mary's parents, take up an ostrich attitude to the whole affair.

★ ★ ★

ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT, the play by Micheál MacLiammóir, was first presented by the Gate Theatre company at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in the April of 1946: just less than a year later it reached the boards of the Vaudeville Theatre, London, with (but for two exceptions) the same cast. The strong impression made upon both capitals, and this play's long-lasting reputation, makes us glad, now, to have it in book form—it has been published by James Duffy, Ltd., Dublin, at 5s.

Ill Met By Moonlight reads as well as it acts—the stage directions, for one thing, are full and unusually evocative. Those who missed the performance may now react to the dire beauty, unearthly happenings and cheerfully earthy comedy. Scene, a professor's Connemara home; time, Midsummer Eve; theme, the ancient Irish belief that a young bride is in danger from fairies. The horrible changeling who assumes the form of Catherine (lured by strange voices to ward the moonlit lake) all but wrecks a whole group of lives. As actor-dramatist, Mr. MacLiammóir has let nothing slip: here is wonderful "theatre"—with a happy ending!

★ ★ ★

THE WIFE OF ROBERT SHELDON, by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is a taut and beguiling detective story, and something of a cautionary tale. What happens when a wealthy American publisher adopts a somewhat precious British author, marries his daughter and imports the entire family (plus a titled hanger-on) into New York? Not always, we hope, what occurs in this case. For in Basil Lacey, aesthete, and his entourage, parasitic existence seems to bring out the worst—nor does his youthful daughter's marriage go well: girl soon meets boy, with wellnigh fatal results. Things look more and more ugly for young Bill, son of the publisher Sheldon's partner, when Sheldon is found to have been shot.

As to Mr. Quentin's observations of the manners and customs of the British, I would venture to query one or two points. Do ladies who have been chicken-farming in Shropshire necessarily travel in cotton stockings?

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I HAVE every reason to believe that the name Eric Delaney will become increasingly familiar with those interested in stylish and imaginative jazz recordings. This young and exceptionally brilliant tympanist and drummer has at last wisely and rightly launched out on his own. After being invalided from the Royal Air Force in S.E. Asia in 1946, Delaney took up the serious study of his art at the Guildhall School of Music, at the same time broadcasting with a variety of orchestras gaining experience and prestige until he felt confident to branch out on his own.

That he has been justified in doing this is fully apparent from his recording of "Delaney's Delight," which demonstrates his capabilities as a drummer, and the backing, a highly original treatment of "Oranges And Lemons," on which he introduces six tympani with maximum effect. Apart from the academic interest in this first Delaney release both here and in the United States, I shall be very surprised if the record does not also gain the popular support it warrants. (Mercury M.B. 3143.)

Robert Tredinnick

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

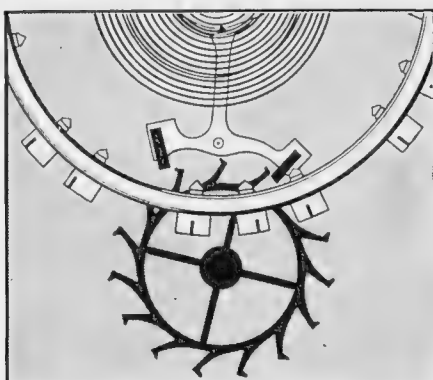
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

He's two men!

THE MAKER of the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a craftsman in the old sense. He has the master craftsman's age-old inherited knack of hand; his endless patience; his refusal to pass the least last detail till it's dead right.

But he's also a technician of the 1950's. When he needs the world's latest watchmaking machinery, it's at his side; using precision tools is second nature to him.

It's thanks to this rare two-sided skill that the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a small masterpiece—a lastingly reliable timekeeper and a thing of beauty. Ask a qualified jeweller to show you these watches and give you expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

NYLONS: how to make them last

The answer! wear nylons *suitable* to the occasion. No very sheer nylons can give round-the-clock service. That is why Charnos (who do nothing else) make special nylons for daytime, special nylons for evening. Just choose the *right type* of Charnos and you'll find your nylons last far, far longer.



DAYTIME CHARNOS

Commonsense—medium-weight nylons for daily wear

Sheer-joys—sheer nylons for dressed-up occasions at any hour.

No-run—mesh nylons that cannot ladder.

Sturdies—extra-strong heavy-weight crepe nylons.



EVENING CHARNOS

Moonbeams—ultra-sheer nylons.

Finesse—the finest of all.

Fancy Free—the newest fashions in decorated nylons.



CHARNOS

WISELY CHOSEN CHARNOS NYLONS LAST LONGER

*A*ttention, Gourmets!
The finest traditions of French cuisine, in quiet yet sophisticated surroundings, are here for your enjoyment.

Lunch, dine or stay at

**THE STAFFORD HOTEL
AND RESTAURANT**

St. James's Place, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: HYDE PARK 0111

THE AERATONE Therapeutic Bath



ALLEVIATES THE PAIN of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Fibrositis and Muscular Strain. A pleasant and invigorating form of hydraulic massage. For illustrated leaflet and appointment apply:

The White House

ALBANY STREET • RECENTS PARK • NW1
Telephone: Euston 1200. Extension 3

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently and positive removed from the face and body, including Legs and Under-arm growth, using modern scientific methods.

Free consultation with

MISS MARY COVE
Qualified Practitioner

By Appointment—Phone or write
Secretary, GROSVENOR 2805
11 Old Bond Street, W.1

REDNUTT



*The finest sherry
shipped from Spain*



Shipped and Guaranteed by
MORENO Y CA., JEREZ, SPAIN

Ledux
always in
Exclusive Fabrics



"ANGOULEME"

By Air or any other mode of travel.

In 100% Camelhair or Wool and Camelhair.

This Ledux coat will give you confidence on your Autumn journeys.

From 11 guineas.

For our Autumn Brochure and the name of your nearest Fashion House write to Ledux Fashion & Travelwear, 39 Conduit Street, London, W.1.



winter overcheck worsted

MATITA

LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK



Exclusive to
SELFRIDGES

IN LONDON

Jersey Wool Evening Sweater

by

DORVILLE

In Black only... Boat neck with leaf design in black sequins; three-quarter length sleeves
Bust sizes: 36, 38, or 40 inches.

6 GNS

Postage Free

FASHIONS
SECOND
FLOOR



SELFRIDGES LTD • OXFORD STREET • LONDON • W1 • MAYFAIR 1234

MARTYN FISHER



Camellia
15 denier
60 gauge
Fully Fashioned
Nylon Hose

**GO
PLACES!**

Obtainable at
Harrods
Knightsbridge



'CHESIL' TWEED — heavy weight rough textured jersey suit. Ribbed collar and cuffs. Half belt. Natural Marl, Blue Lovat; Brown Marl. Up to 44" Hip size, about 8 guineas.



by
Two Steeples
REGD.

If unable to obtain write to Dept. T., "Two Steeples" Limited, Wigston, Leicestershire



MARTIN DOUGLAS & RENÉ

30 DAVIES STREET, W.1

MAYFAIR 1260-1269



... the formula for
active elegance



Subtly blended tweed
suggested by the Salmon Fly
makes this impeccable
'Country Life' exclusive

COUNTRY LIFE

MUNRO HOUSE • 9 POLAND STREET • LONDON • W.1

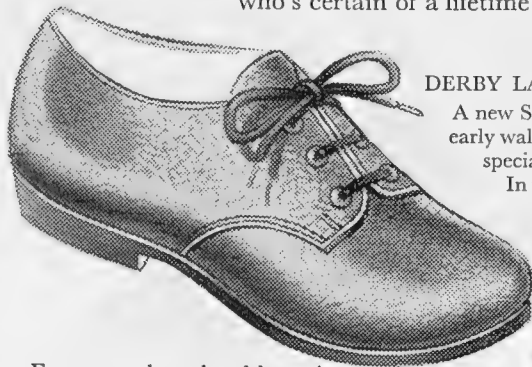


Young John Faulkner

(son of champion golfer Max)

is getting all teed up for foot-health

If he's going to follow in his father's footsteps, Master John will need strong, healthy feet. So he's already wearing Start-rite, the natural development shoes (in fact, he's had them since his pram days). His wise parents say he'll have Start-rite throughout childhood... so here's one youngster who's certain of a lifetime's foot-health!



DERBY LACE-UP SHOE

A new Start-rite shoe for early walking days. With special non-slip sole.

In tan, cherry; sizes 3 to 6½ (child's) in two fittings.

Every mother should read 'STEP BY STEP', the Start-rite Book. It includes many useful foot exercises. Send for **FREE COPY** (enclosing 2½d. stamp) to START-RITE SHOES NORWICH · NORFOLK

P.S. Big sister Hilary wears Start-rite, too!

(Her shoes and her brother's come from Manfield of Godalming).



and they'll walk happily ever after



Tailored Coats by

Expertly cut and finished, Children's Coats tailored by Chilprufe are available in a wide variety of styles and designs. Cloths include Harris and other Scotch hand-woven tweeds, soft velours and fine worsteds. Ample provision is made for lengthening hems and sleeves.



Chilprufe

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER



Hand woven Harris Tweed Suit tailored in our own workrooms and in stock in various colourings in sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18 £23.0.0

MOSS BROS
A CO. LTD.
OF COVENT GARDEN

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2.
Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES

TRAVELLA

Photograph by Peter Clark



Hat by Madge Chard

From the House of Selincourt

Winter wonder, lovely and luxurious,
in silky mohair and softest wool. Love that high-style
collar, low front buttoning.

The price about **19 guineas**

Please write to:
Selincourt and Sons Ltd., 3 Vere Street, W.1,
for the name of your nearest Travella Stockist



'Celanese' TRADE MARK JERSEY SHARKSKIN
makes a crisp, immaculate Badminton
dress—created by Teddy Tinling, skilled
designer of action-fashions.

5½ gns.

FROM

Lillywhites LTD

OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1, EDINBURGH and BOURNEMOUTH



Stores and Jewellers have Stratton Compacts from 20/- to 100/-.

"From the Stratton Ballet range" 505/229. Stratton Compact with exquisite full colour study of International Stars specially photographed by Baron. Model above shows a group in "Pas de Quatre." Other designs feature Alexandra Danilova, and Frederic Franklin. 3½" diameter

COMPACTS
by
Stratton
THE ONLY COMPACT WITH
THE SELF-OPENING INNER LID.

Manufacturers: Jarrett, Rainsford and Laughton Ltd., Warstock Road, Birmingham 14



A good address
for your
valuables

PLACE your jewellery or important documents in a Lloyds Bank Private Safe Deposit and you will be giving them *double* protection. The private safe, under your personal control, is guarded from fire and theft by the solid security of the Bank's strongroom.

The complete privacy and extra protection of this invaluable service can be yours even if you are not a customer of Lloyds Bank.

LLOYDS BANK

LIMITED

PRIVATE SAFE DEPOSITS

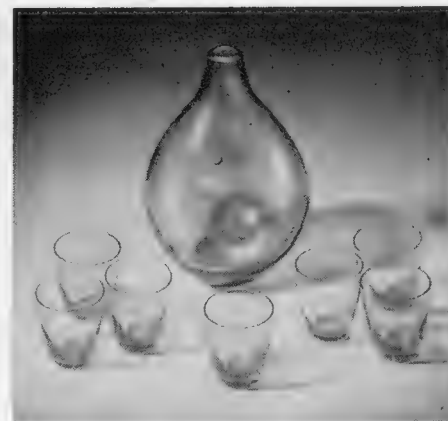
are available at 12 of the Bank's London Offices and at 18 Branches in cities and towns throughout England. The address of your nearest Lloyds Bank Private Safe Deposit may be obtained from any branch.



Perfect finale to a well planned meal. A liqueur beyond compare. Double-distilled for the intriguing aroma and superbly gratifying flavour that hallmark this, the authentic kummel. A delight to the cultured palate... a digestive of outstanding excellence. Made from an original Dutch recipe in Holland.



BOLSKUMMEL



LIQUEUR and SHERRY SETS

These handsomely designed sets, each comprising a Dimple Grip Flask and 7 Glasses (one for use as flask cover), are obtainable in Smoke or Pale Gold. An ideal gift!

LIQUEUR SET - - 17/6
Post and Package 1/6 extra

SHERRY SET - - 21/6
Post and Package 1/9 extra

DRUCE & CO. LTD., EST. 1822
BAKER STREET • LONDON • W.1

Write for new illustrated list of Gifts and Novelties



at London's most
fascinating shop

Heat-resisting Trays and Table Mats with an Adam motif. These are available finished in White or Chinese Red Lacquer.

A fine example of the many distinctive items obtainable only from:

THE GENERAL TRADING COMPANY (MAYFAIR) LTD.

Grantham Place Park Lane (Piccadilly End) London W.1
GROsvenor 3273 and HYDe Park 4345/6



fly **BEA** south to sunshine



out of the northern fog and rain... into the glorious southern sun. BEA flies you to blue seas, blue skies, to romantic places where the autumn and winter sun shines bright and warm. Flying BEA means more time in the sun. You're there in a few hours, by turbo-prop Viscount or luxurious Elizabethan airliner—with all your foreign currency intact; or you can pick a sterling area.

BEA flies you at speed, in comfort, without fuss—and at tourist return fares—to 16 southern sunshine centres.

BEA fares cover refreshments, service, luggage, *everything* from airport to airport. It's all so smooth you touch down fresher than when you took off. Booking is simple; and better the sooner. Just ring, write or see your Travel Agent; or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.—Tel: GERrard 9833.



fly **BEA**

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

TOURIST RETURN FARES

from London.
Airport to Airport

NICE	£ 34. 0.0*
ROME	£ 47.14.0*
NAPLES	£ 50.17.0
MILAN	£ 34. 4.0*
MADRID	£ 44. 2.0
BARCELONA	£ 36.11.0
PALMA	£ 40.14.0*
LISBON	£ 65.14.0†
GIBRALTAR†	£ 50.17.0
MALTA†	£ 48.12.0*
CATANIA	£ 57. 2.0
TRIPOLI†	£ 61. 1.0
BENGHAZI†	£ 80.10.0
CYPRUS†	£108. 0.0
ATHENS	£ 97. 4.0
ISTANBUL	£108.18.0
TANGIER	£ 53. 2.0

* Also Cheap Night Tourist Fares available until October. (Continued during Winter to Malta only.)

† Sterling Areas.

‡ First Class Service

(Fares are subject to alteration without notice.)

sleepy
dreamy....

A boyish tumble of softly curving tendrils, superlatively cut to keep its clever shape. No pampered pet this. Tossed in sleep or ruffled by the wind, it goes its own sweet way with just a quick flick of the brush.

trust **French** of London

4 Curzon Place, Park Lane, W.1. GRO 3770-8-9

Exclusively for you

Superb tailored suits and coats designed and made exclusively for you—to express your own individual personality. You are invited to call and see our wide selection of materials for the Autumn.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

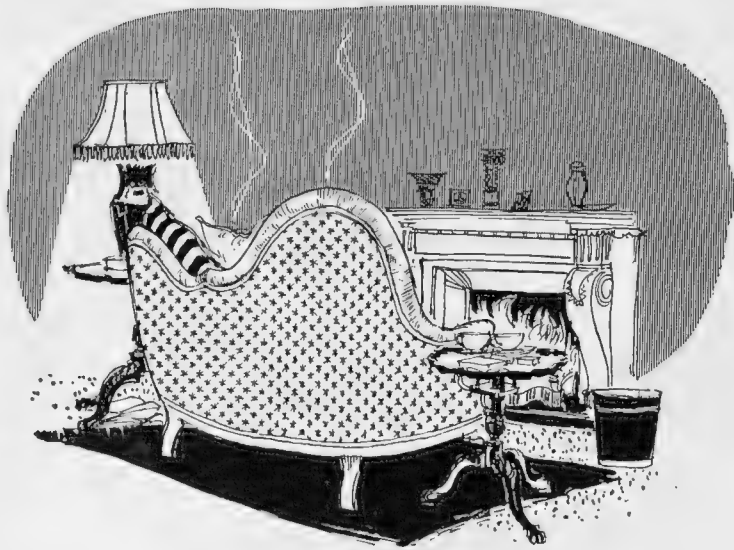
Bernard Weatherill

Ladies' Tailors, Military & Sporting Tailors,
Habit and Breeches Makers.

55 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Also at Birmingham, Chester, Aldershot,
Ascot & Leicester.





Two's Company . . .
with **PLAYER'S**
Nº 3

The Quality
Cigarette



[3P 121B]

*You know what
you're getting*



What a grand glass of beer! Soft creamy head and clear, amber brilliance to the last drop. Refreshing even to look at, but how much better to drink!

Whitbread's Pale Ale is brewed with a skill that comes from long experience. Wherever you buy it—at the pub, the club, or from the off-licence to take home—you know you can rely on the quality and on its splendid condition.

It may cost you a copper or two more than some beers. But that, surely, is a small price to pay for the best. You will never be disappointed—

when you ask for a
WHITBREAD
the best of the light ales



ON EXECUTORS & TRUSTEES

Have you thought about appointing an executor? Your friend or your partner may be willing to take on the duty; but is it fair to leave him with the responsibility, and are you sure he will be there?

National Provincial Bank is well fitted to act for you. However complex your affairs may be, they will be handled with skill, courtesy and sympathetic understanding.

Enquiries will be welcomed at any Branch without obligation.

**NATIONAL PROVINCIAL
BANK LIMITED**

Head Office: 15 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.



Trustee Department:
1 PRINCES STREET,
LONDON, E.C.2

NPB
for service

The spot to be in

Life has 'Continental' charm at the Imperial, Torquay. Tropical palms, blue skies, your own sunny beach, tennis, squash . . . or just relax in the luxury of Europe's finest seashore hotel. Write for Brochure AU.

The **Imperial**
TORQUAY



Tele: 4301

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

The ideal gift for all occasions . . .

**A BOX OF ALLWOOD'S
CUT CARNATIONS**

always just right and appreciated at all times in joy and in sorrow

**DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST
GROWERS**

and dispatched by experts, the flowers arrive fresh as the dew in the morning. Specially selected colours or unique mixed shades, which are not seen in the florists' shops

From 1 Gn. to 5 Gns. per box
**LET US QUOTE YOU FOR A
REGULAR SUPPLY WEEKLY**
Quantity in box according to prevailing wholesale market prices

**ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE
BEST!**

Allwood Bros
LTD.



Write for large Catalogue of all kinds of Carnations, Pinks and Dianthus

Carnation Specialists (Cut Flower Dept.)
3 HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX Wivelsfield 232 & 233

FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO South Africa



COMBINE SPEED
WITH COMFORT

Regular Standard and Tourist
services between London and Johannesburg
by four-engined pressurized
Constellation airliners

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C.)

Consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., or South African Airways, South
Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. (Whitehall 4488)

I see you drink SEAGERS.
Nice bottle.

Nice gin.

What's the difference
between SEAGERS and
any other gin?

I haven't the slightest idea.

Then why drink it?

Because I like it.

That's not a very
profound reason.

It's the best I can
do. Try it and see
if you can think
of a better one.

*Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillery, London S.E.8*

The Englishman's Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

★ To say nothing of the
Scots, the Welsh and
those of the Irish whose
pleasures know no frontier.



1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth
palatable drink, no stronger
than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one
of America's most popular
drinks, where it is used as the
blending spirit for new and
established cocktails as well as
for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a
most attractive drink taken
straight "à la Russe," especi-
ally when accompanied by
savories.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in
this country according to the
traditional recipe used by
Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of
Vodka to the Imperial Court of
Russia.

WINNING COCKTAIL

"Roberta May", the winning
cocktail at the U.K. Bartenders'
World Cocktail Competition,
was made with Smirnoff
Vodka.

HERE IS THE RECIPE :

- ½ Smirnoff Vodka
- ½ Aurum (Italian Orange Liqueur)
- ½ Orange Squash (Schweppes)
- A dash of white of egg

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of
½ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer.
Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a
SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured
over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with
Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

TRY IT STRAIGHT
TRY IT BLENDED

THE GENUINE
Smirnoff
VODKA

WORLD FAMOUS
SINCE
1818

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey Ltd.

Firestone

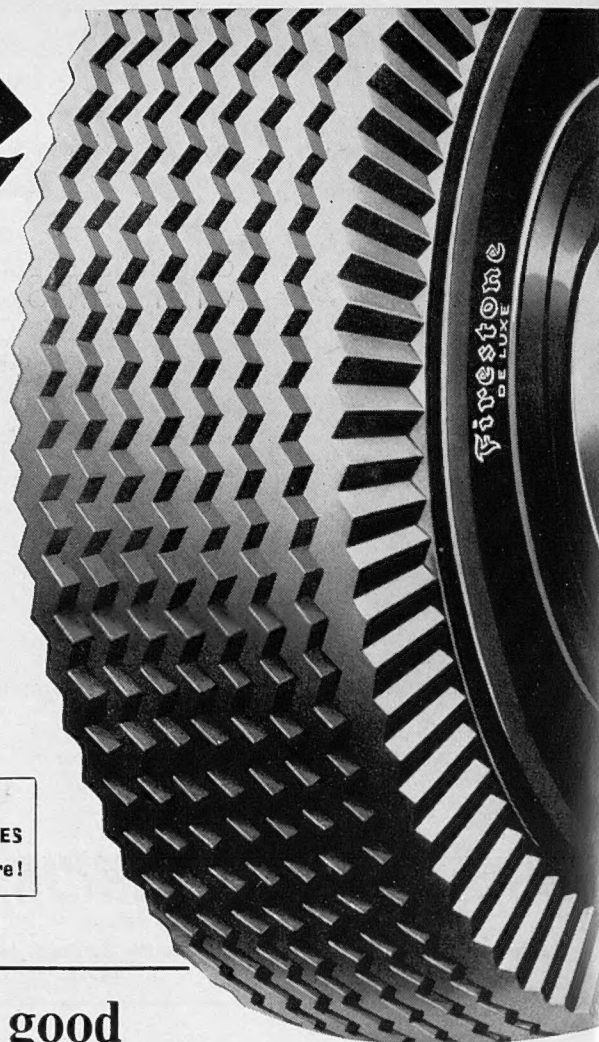
★ Experience Counts —

- ✓ *More dependable* ✓ *Better built*
- ✓ *Safer & Stronger* ✓ *Longer wearing*
- ✓ *Quieter running*
- ✓ *Best value for your money*

★ 26 Factories throughout the world.

Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

Fit Firestone
LEAKPROOF TUBES
—they cost no more!



Firestone TYRES — consistently good

FIRE! FREE BOOKLET FOR YOU ON **NU-SWIFT!**

Fascinating, new, multi-coloured brochure, "Fire! — Your Dangerous Servant," can be yours. It tells you why to get Nu-Swift before your fire risk becomes 3-dimensional. Send for it—NOW! NU-SWIFT LTD. • ELLAND • YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

Barbados *calls!*

Here's the Holiday of Holidays

Win yourself a new lease of life holiday-making amid the glorious sunshine, invigorating breezes, ivory sands, gorgeous palms and flowers that await you in this loveliest of West Indian Islands, British for over 300 years.

FINEST SEA-BATHING IN THE WORLD
Yachting, Fishing, Tennis, Golf, Motoring, etc.
FREE FROM MALARIA • PURE WATER SUPPLY
NO NEED FOR SPECIAL TROPICAL OUTFITS
Excellent accommodation, good food, good company

SEND FOR BARBADOS FREE BOOKLET

WEST INDIA COMMITTEE, 40 NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

*Still dependent on
Voluntary Gifts and Legacies*



Children in need find a warm welcome in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. We plead for your help. Will you send a donation towards the upkeep of our 7,000 boys and girls?

10/- would help to buy their food.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

KYNOCH of KEITH SCOTLAND



**CLOTHS
SCARVES
• RUGS**

KYNOCH



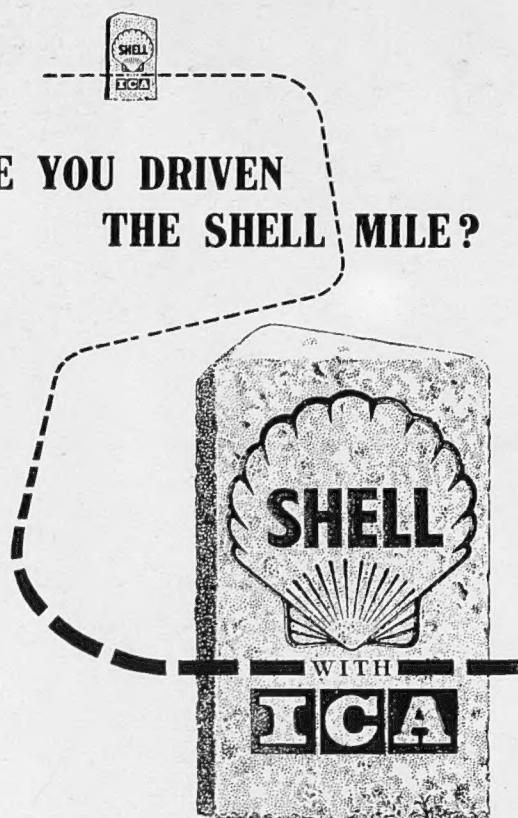
**For a friend at home or overseas
... a subscription to The Tatler!**

It is so easy to give ... a pleasant reminder of you as it makes a welcome appearance week after week—and, of course, we dispatch for you!

Subscription Rates	Home.	Overseas:
	6 mths £3.0.0 12 mths £5.16.6	6 mths £3.1.3 12 mths £5.18.6

Your newsagent will arrange a subscription or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2

HAVE YOU DRIVEN
THE SHELL MILE?



The Shell Mile is the smoothest and liveliest distance between any two milestones. It is the most enjoyable, the least tiring, the shortest-seeming mile in the world. So it's hardly surprising that a million more Shell miles are driven every day than any other kind.

The thing that makes a Shell mile such an improvement on any ordinary mile is the new Ignition Control Additive (I.C.A.) in Shell. I.C.A. releases your engine's full smooth power from engine deposits that hold the power in. It prevents both pre-ignition and plug failure caused by deposits. The difference it makes is a revelation.

If you haven't yet driven the Shell mile, you're lucky in one thing at least — you have a great pleasure waiting for you.

TRY THE TWO-TANKFUL TEST

FIRST fill up with Shell with I.C.A. Do not expect an immediate improvement, for I.C.A. needs time to work on your engine deposits.

SECOND fill up with Shell again. You will notice smoother running and fuller power. The time I.C.A. takes to work varies, but its effects are unmistakable.

FILL UP AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

You've still time
for a



SUMMER HOLIDAY

where Irish Skies
are smiling



JUST NOW the Irish countryside looks its best.

Your choice of entertainment, indoor and outdoor

is wider than ever — bathing, golfing, racing.

shooting, theatres, dancing. And you'll find a friendly

welcome where Irish skies are smiling.

No passports, no currency restrictions, no tiring

travel—only a few short hours by

land and sea or by air.

Ireland

where Summer lingers on

For travel information please consult your Travel Agent or apply to:—

BRITISH RAILWAYS, Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1

AER LINGUS, Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

B & I LINE, 227 Regent Street, London, W.1.

C.I.E. (Ireland's Transport Company), 59 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

For detailed advice and free literature, including Official
List of Hotels and Guest Houses, please apply to:—

IRISH TOURIST BUREAU

LONDON: 71 REGENT STREET, W.1 • TEL: REGENT 6801

DUBLIN: 14 UPPER O'CONNELL ST • TEL: 44719/44710

Issued by FOGRA FAILE the National Tourist Publicity Organisation for Ireland



wallpapers

and fabrics

Play up the curtains and play down the walls —
or would it look better the other way round? *Why not rehearse
the whole effect beforehand?* You choose
wallpapers and fabrics together at

SANDERSON

OF BERNERS STREET

SHOWROOMS:

52-53 BERNERS ST., LONDON, W.1 • 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW • 7 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH • ST. STEPHEN'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, EXETER

YOUR DECORATOR CAN SHOW YOU THE SANDERSON WALLPAPER BOOK.

SANDERSON FABRICS CAN BE SEEN AT LEADING FURNISHERS